

CANADA, N.W. AMERICA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

Price, 5 Cents.



(See page 9.)

Auxiliary Column.

OUR FRIENDS.

BY LIEUT.-COLONEL MRS. READ, AUXILIARY SECRETARY.

The *Auxiliary League* is composed of those persons who, while not perhaps, endorsing and approving every method used by the Army, are sufficiently in sympathy with the great work of reclaiming drunkards, rescuing the fallen, and saving the lost; as to give it their prayer, influence, and money.

Subscribers are asked to contribute five dollars per annum; are supplied every year, on payment of their subscription, with a small ticket, bearing the official recognition of Headquarters, together with their name and number, which admits them to any public meeting in Canada, Newfoundland, North-West America, and Bermuda, and ensures them a hearty welcome in Army circles at home and abroad.

A small, neat badge is sent to each member of the Auxiliary League, which, if so inclined, they can wear to denote their membership. A copy of the War Cry will be mailed free to each member, weekly, or, if preferred, All the World, or the Deliverer, monthly, will be sent, after payment of subscription.

We confidently look to subscribers to show their sympathy and help:

1. *By praying for us*, and especially joining our comrades at 12 o'clock each day, when the soldiers of the Salvation Army, at home or abroad, pray for one another, and for the salvation of the world.

2. *By using their influence*, letting it be known in their own circle that they believe in us; occasionally, at least, attending our meetings; defending us against the numerous misrepresentations and slanders invented by enemies, and often believed and circulated by the misinformed, who frequently only need to know the real facts to sympathize with us. Auxiliaries can always have the fullest information as to the truth, or otherwise of any specific charge brought, if they will write to Headquarters.

3. *By gifts*; assisting us in supplying funds for the current work and the constant fresh opportunities which we are constrained to seize, at home and abroad, for spreading salvation.

For further information, write to Headquarters, James St., Toronto.

REMOVE THE STUMBLING-BLOCKS.

(1 Cor. viii. 9-13.)

ILLUSTRATIONS FOR RECONCILIATION WEEK.

Take heed, lest by any means this liberty of yours become a stumbling-block to the weak (v. 9). I have a deep-seated abhorrence of stumbling-blocks. Perhaps it is because of a place called "The Devil's Pitch Hole" in a forest path from my old home to a swimming-hole in the Owaseo River. It was a low, swampy hole among the bushes, at the edge of which the "old boys" used to tie the weeds across the path, and then, leading the "new boys" on a run, jump over it themselves, and let their followers trip their toes and tumble headlong into the bog. Oh, yes, I went in. I was a little fellow, and silly, and "weak." That is the trouble with stumbling-blocks—they always catch the "weak." Isn't life hard enough for them without your setting traps? Never put an obstacle (not even the slightest) across the path by which anybody is trying to make a pilgrim journey. Go ahead and clear them out of his way. Above all, don't be a stumbling-block yourself. Be a horse-block, a chopping-block, a block-head—any other kind of a block but a stumbling-block!

For through thy knowledge, he that is weak perisheth (v. 11). You don't yet realize how terrible is the mission of the stumbling-block. It does not alone mean broken bones and broken

hopes and broken hearts, but people "perish." They are destroyed, soul and body. A poor fellow has just been to see me (a complete wreck now) who married a woman of different religious faith, and when he tried to have family prayers, she threw books at him, and put the cat on his back. You laugh? You wouldn't have laughed if you had seen the man. It was the woman's fault! She put a stumbling-block in front of him, and she ruined him. I know saloon-keepers who are as guilty of murder as if they had put a knife in a man's hand, and lifted his arm and struck with it. They set a trap; they put a stumbling-block in his way.

If meat causeth my brother to stumble, I will eat no flesh for evermore (v. 13). Heroic resolve! But its execution was not half as hard for Paul as you think; and for this reason he did not permit his mind to dwell on the pleasure he was missing in this self-denial. He was all the time thinking how much trouble and suffering he was saving his weak brother. Suppose a mother kept saying to herself, "Oh, dear, how many parties, and theatres, and dinners I have to give up on account of that little baby!" What she really says to herself is, "Oh, my! how strong, and well, and happy, that little fellow is because I stay at home! God bless him! How I love him! How sweet it is to see him grow!" Self-denial is always sweet to the heart that thinks of the help it has rendered.—Ex.

Rapid Spread of Mohammedanism.

A recent writer to a London paper points out that because Mohammedanism appeals to the natural pride of man's heart, it is making more rapid progress than Christianity. He writes: "No fact brings home to us more strikingly the extent to which Europeans are content to live in a little world of their own than the way in which the spread of Mohammedanism, as compared with that of Christianity, is ignored by the average man amongst us. Immense heroism, devotion, and self-sacrifice are displayed in the cause of the Christian propaganda; huge sums are lavished upon it; mission work throughout the world is highly organized, and is in the hands of men who have devoted to it unquenchable enthusiasm and a lifetime of thought and study; yet the fact remains that the results achieved in this direction by Christianity are altogether insignificant if they be compared with those which can be claimed by Mohammedanism. The latter religion wins to itself, at the lowest estimate, some sixty thousand converts annually, while all the missionary organizations of Christianity taken together do not secure the allegiance of a tithe of that number of souls in the same period of time; and this is the more worthy of remark, because the Mohammedans have no regular system of propaganda, send forth no specially appointed missionaries, and devote no annual sums to the work of conversion."

Absent-Minded.

The story is told of Sir Isaac Newton, that, sitting by an over-heated stove, he asked a servant to remove it.

"And might you not move my chair?" asked the servant.

"I had not thought of that," replied the philosopher, forgetting the terms of the relation.

A similar story is told of Chief Justice Marshall, who was driving over a wretched road, and his horse turned aside so that a sapling prevented him from turning either to the right or left. The Judge, engrossed in thought, knew not how to get out, until an old negro came along, and said:

"Ole Marster, what for you don't back your horse?"

"That's true," said the Judge; and, after taking his advice, he felt in his pockets for change, but no change was there. "Never mind, old man," he said to the negro, "I'll leave some money for you at the tavern."

When the negro called and received his present he commented on the Judge thus:

"He was a gentleman for sho; but," he added, patting his forehead, "he didn't have much in here."

DRIFTED OUT TO SEA.

A True Incident.

BY P. N. ESNOUX.

'Twas the cold mid-winter season,
On the snow-bound Gaspe coast,
Where is found the Bay of Gaspe,
Of which travelers love to boast.
Strong, and keen, the wind was blowing
On that sad and fateful day,
And the ice-floes drifted outwards
At the entrance of the bay.

Soon the sea-birds flew in numbers,
Thousands came, of various sort,
And the men went out to shoot them,
Asking for no better sport.
Quick, and sharp, the shots re-echoed
In the frosty winter air,
Leaving dead and wounded sea-birds
Floating helpless here and there.

There was one among the shooters
Who was young, and daring, too,
Who appeared to see no danger,
As the young so often do.
When he'd killed a goodly number,
And the living ones had flown,
He at once went out to get them,
In his little boat, alone.

When the birds had all been gathered,
He again rowed for the shore,
But the wind was now against him,
And, alas! he breaks an oar.
With no other to replace it,
He is helpless now out there—
Oh, for fearless hearts to save him
While the boat still lingers near!

Soon 'tis swiftly drifting sea-ward,
Tossing on the icy wave,
But the men, afraid to venture,
Do not launch a boat to save.
Only one among the number
Bravely volunteers to go;
But alone he dare not venture
While the wind is raging so.

On and on the boat is drifting,
Still the man can yet be seen
Making signs to come and save him,
Though the sea is rough between.
Farther still the boat is carried,
Quickly drifting out to sea;
Smaller, smaller grows the object,
Till but one dark speck they see.

In a moment it has vanished,
And the watchers heave a sigh,
Thinking of their youthful comrade
Doomed that winter day to die.
Long they watch the distant billows,
But the boat is lost to sight,
And, alas! their comrade perished
Long before the coming night.

Oh, if they had been more fearless
When their comrade broke his oar,
And at once had ventured bravely,
They'd have brought him safe to shore;
But they feared to face the danger,
And, alas! they let him go;
And, methinks, their conscience smites them
When they hear this tale of woe.

Every day some souls are drifting,
Drifting sadly on life's sea,
Drifting without hope of heaven,
Oh, how many such we see!
Soon they'll sink beneath the billows,
And be numbered with the lost,
If we do not save them quickly,
Save them, yes, at any cost.

Shall we let our brothers perish,
While there's still a chance to save?
Shall we stand and idly watch them
Drifting to a sinner's grave?
Oh, to-day we may yet save them,
For the power of God is great,
Let us hasten to their rescue—
Soon, oh, soon 'twill be too late.

Our prayer may fail, but the God of prayer will not.

The General at New Orleans and Mobile.

SPLENDID RECORD AT BOTH PLACES—A LARGE NEGRO CONGREGATION

NEW ORLEANS.

The above city can boast of 300,000 of a population, 100,000 of which are French, a second 100,000 colored, and the remaining 100,000 come from the east, west, north, and south, and are made up of all nations, kindreds, peoples, and tongues. Indeed, I should think that New Orleans can boast of being one of the most cosmopolitan centres of the world. Just the city for the Salvation Army, and the Salvation Army's General!

The ancient Tulane Hall has seen many brilliant and influential meetings, and from its platform some of the greatest men of the world have spoken, but no cause could be more sacred, and no speaker ever had a wider message to give, than the one that our honored leader had to deliver that night, for it was concerning the emancipation of the world's poor, the crushed crowds, the outcast millions, and every wandering soul of man.

The Hon. Judge Munroe most tastefully and gracefully introduced the General, and spoke as follows:

"Availing myself of the privilege that has been conferred upon me this evening, I cannot trespass upon your patience by needlessly consuming time which would otherwise be more agreeably and profitably employed.

"We are here for the purpose of extending the welcome of our city to one whose character and whose achievements command the respect of the civilized world, and have obtained for him that recognition which is only obtained by those who are the salt of the earth. One who, by his high purposes, his indomitable energy, and his unconquerable execution and demonstrative ability has established and maintained a body of organized men and women, whose field of labor embraces almost all the countries of the world, and who devote their lives to the work of extending moral and material aid to the weak and unfortunate of the human race, not only teaching how to live right by precept and example, but aiding right living among those who need that kind of assistance, and who could obtain it nowhere else.

I should be merely gilding redden gold if I were to undertake to exalt by mere panegyric the character of the man who has accomplished this work. That neither the man nor the work

to which I have referred are wholly unappreciated in this community is fairly shown by the presence on this platform and in this audience of the eminent and representative citizens who are here to-night to welcome the one and encourage the other. (Applause.)

General Booth, in the name of the citizens of New Orleans, I extend to you, sir, a most hearty and sincere welcome.

Ladies and gentlemen, I have the privilege and the honor of introducing to you General William Booth, founder, organizer, and present Commander-in-Chief of the Salvation Army."

I can assure you that the General gave an excellent account of himself and the 15,000 officers associated with him. The crowd was excellent, the character elite, and on the whole it can be put down as one of the best and most influential nights of the campaign.

THE GENERAL IN MOBILE.

He Speaks to a Representative Crowd in the Opera House.

Three and a-half hours' railway run, through wood and over water, brings the General within sight of the thriving little city of Mobile, which is situated on the American side of the Gulf of Mexico. It has a population of about 60,000 people, quite a number of them being colored. To an Englishman, the weather was hot, to our officer-comrades from the east the night was warm, but to our southern friends the weather was chilly. In fact, I heard more than one say that we are having quite a cold snap.

Taking this into account, it made us wonder what kind of a crowd would attend that night's gathering. But long ere the General mounted the stage our fears had taken to themselves wings, and had flown far, far out of sight, for before the Commander had ceased imploring God's blessing upon the city, its authorities, its saints, its sinners, our General and his soldiers, there was a most representative crowd in the Opera House.

His worship, the Mayor, spoke:

"Ladies and Gentlemen, No matter what a person's religious views might be, when casting his eyes over the horizon of the world he finds a man who has devoted himself and his life to

uplifting humanity, who has given the best years of his life to lifting the outcast of society to a place that they were intended by the Creator to hold, not alone in this world, but more in the world hereafter—I say, when one sees a man of that kind, he cannot help but admire him.

"We have in our midst to-night a man who has devoted his life to this kind of work. That he has been successful goes without saying. The Salvation Army, if I understand properly, and I think I do, spreads its influence over the whole world, reaching people that other religions cannot reach, going to them, as it were, instead of waiting for them to come to the Army.

"My dear sir, in behalf of the people of Mobile, I greet and welcome you to this city on your first visit, and I must say in their behalf I wish your mission much success, and hope you may live long and see it."

As for the General, he charmed his audience. Such facts they had never heard, such stories they had never listened to, such scenes they had never beheld, in fact they had not the remotest idea that such things existed, and that God had such a noble Army of workers fighting away under the blood-and-fire flag.

Something definite was done that night, and we shall hear of it again, and I am confident that mightier things are ahead of our Mobile comrades.

The General Preaches to Over One Thousand Colored People.

What a large heart the General has! It moves with compassionate regard towards all men and all races alike. When in India he turns his attention to the Buddhist, Mohammedan, and the Hindoo like; when in Australasia the aboriginal is not overlooked; when in New Zealand the Maori race receives his consideration; when in Africa the Zulu and other native tribes come in for a share of his time; when in California his feet found their way to Chinatown, and salvation was preached by him to the poor darkened Chinese. Can it then be wondered at that our compassionate General, amidst his other ten thousand duties, finds time to look at—nay, go and see—some representatives of the colored millions of the Southern States? And I can assure our readers that the night of Feb. 5th, 1903, will stand out as amongst the most interesting in the life's history of the writer.

When the General mounted the platform, the big Zion Church was crowded with fully 1,000 negroes. A right royal reception was his. Dark eyes flashed, colored faces shone, colored hands clapped; it was, indeed, a welcome of boisterous, gladsome delight.

Sing! I should think they did! You should have heard it! It was a thunderous volley of beautiful melody, and at the General's request they sang over and over again, "Saviour, wash me in the blood, and I shall be whiter than snow."

The Daily Register, in its report, writes as follows:

PREACHED TO THE NEGROES.

"At 8 o'clock General Booth, Commander Tucker, and Revs. A. N. McEwen and E. W. Morrissey, took seats on the platform. General Booth addressed the congregation, and said that he wanted them all to feel that they were at home with him and he was at home with them, and urged them to join in the service, especially the singing. The church was packed to the doors, both down and upstairs, with many standing up. 'Wash me in the blood of the Lamb,' was sung with great fervor, and the chorus was repeated time after time, seemingly every person in the house joining in the singing. Commander Tucker then led in prayer, after which Colonel Lawley sang a solo, the congregation joining in the chorus.

"General Booth preached a strong, earnest sermon, simple and clear, and delivered just as if his hearers were white. He made no reference to the question of race or color, and aired no views on the negro question. The whole theme of his sermon was the saving of the souls of his hearers, and no other subject was touched upon. General Booth spoke for forty-five minutes, and then, in a short prayer, asked that



A FLORIDA RIVER SCENE.

some soul might be saved. He issued an invitation to any sinner or backslider to come forward to the mourner's bench, and while a song was rendered several came forward. After another prayer and song several more came, and by this time the audience was beginning to get worked up to the highest pitch. General Booth and Colonel Lawley stood on the platform and the colored ministers took charge of the converts as they came forward."

The prayer-meeting was a red-hot, boiling-over time, and as one after the other of the penitents came forward, our colored friends simply went wild with enthusiasm, and clapped their hands and shouted, "Glory to God!" with all the strength, lungs, voice, and throat they possessed.

It was a memorable night, and ere we closed twenty-two had passed from death unto life, from from the power of Satan unto God. I can assure you that the rejoicing was beyond measure, and the holy pleasure beggars description. It was not at all difficult to imagine oneself in a red-hot Cornish revival, or in some other centre of blazing Salvationism.

It was 11.15 when I left the church, and both houses and streets in the neighborhood near by were alive with songs of salvation, loud shoutings of "Hallelujah" and praises to God, which came from the souls that had just entered the Kingdom.

The pastor, the Rev. W. E. Morrissey, in speaking of the meeting, said, "I never saw anything like it before in my life. It always takes a few nights to get my people started, but they came out for the General right away. It was, indeed, the greatest meeting of my life."

There is indeed a grand harvest to be reaped in the south amongst the negro population. True at the moment our plans are not quite ready, but wait awhile, pray a little longer, have faith in God, and the advance will be soured, and we shall win mighty triumphs for our God and King, who has redeemed all nations unto Himself.

As the Press Sees It.

Distinguished Honors Paid to the Salvation Army Chief at Washington.

BY WILLIAM E. CURTIS.

(Special to the Chicago Record-Herald.)

Washington, Feb. 11.—General Booth, of the Salvation Army, arrived in Washington this morning, and is receiving a great deal of attention, quite as much as any distinguished traveler has received at the capital this winter. He is universally regarded here as one of the greatest and most useful of his generation, and the public respect and admiration for him is demonstrated wherever he appears in public. He has a warm friend and supporter in President Roosevelt, who, during his term as police commissioner in New York City, became convinced of the valuable service which the Salvation Army is doing for the poor and the criminal classes, and has ever since shown his appreciation and given it his co-operation.

Mr. Hanna gave a banquet to-night in honor of General Booth, such a banquet as he would give to the greatest statesman or military hero of any foreign country, and among those invited to meet his distinguished guest were the most prominent men of the capital, members of the Cabinet, the Senate, the House of Representatives, scholars, scientists, army and navy officers, and others in public life.

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"Where have you made the greatest progress?" I asked.

"Our progress has been almost uniform throughout the world, and we are beginning to be recognized as a useful agency for good everywhere, by all classes, and all religions, and by people who have no religion. There has been a great change in public opinion. It is even noticeable since my last visit. The prejudice against the Salvation Army is rapidly passing away. Mobs no longer hoot at us in the street; our people are no longer the objects of ridicule; they do not call us lunatics any more, and the ministers of the churches are not so violent in their opposition. People are beginning to learn

what we are, and what we are trying to accomplish, to appreciate our efforts in support of law, order, religion, and society; and the fact that we are working for the poorest, the most friendless, and the most hopeless of God's children. To that class we stretch out our hands, and of that material we are manufacturing good citizens. We have around us in every centre of population multitudes of waste souls whom circumstances and surroundings almost prohibit health, happiness, and morality. I term them human waste. In the chemical and manufacturing worlds science has taught various methods of reclaiming and utilizing waste, and of making a profit out of it. In the same way, and for the same purpose, the Salvation Army is a new means of reclaiming and utilizing the waste among human beings, finding out what is good in them, and converting it into useful material for citizenship.

"Charity is such an expensive business. Few people appreciate how many millions of dollars are annually misapplied, and often to the injury of their fellowmen, by people with the best of intentions. I want to show the world a way in which the enormous sums that are annually wasted in misdirected benevolence can be invested in waste souls that will afterwards pay for their own reclamation. The by-products of society which are cast out as worthless, contain very valuable material. What we need most, however, is means. We give no money away without a return for it. Nothing for nothing is the law of the Salvation Army. Every penny we invest in the reclamation of one of God's poor creatures comes back to us sooner or later."

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"What new ideas have you in your mind; what new plans are you working out?"

"I have in my mind," replied General Booth, "a university for charity workers. We have training schools for every class of people who would improve the condition and promote the progress of the world; schools of training for clergymen, lawyers, doctors, engineers and teachers; schools for music, art, and physical culture; for the training of the mind, and the eyes, and the hands, and all this obedience to the great law that knowledge and experience increase efficiency. And yet, in God's great work of rescuing His helpless creatures, we are compelled to depend upon the assistance of volunteers who are without experience, without training, and have only the heart and the courage to do good. The Salvation Army has several small schools for instructing its officers. They are scattered around in different parts of the earth, but there ought to be an institution somewhere, and many of them, for teaching those who would learn how to reclaim a drunkard, how to reach a poor family that is full of foolish pride, how to coax a wild boy back into the right path, how to convince a thief that honesty is the best policy, and how to apply with the greatest results the millions of money that the good people of this world are contributing annually for the benefit of the poor and distressed. We must have such a school. Our work has become so large and so important that we need men and women of the highest training."

Brigadier McMillan at Brantford.

(By Wire.)

Brigadier McMillan, Major Rawling, and Staff-Capt. Coombs visited Brantford for weekend. Mighty outpouring of the Holy Ghost. Thirty-five souls at the mercy seat. Crowds and finances very satisfactory in spite of the stormy day. Brigadier's addresses on full salvation lines and the Spirit winged it to the hearts of every one. Expectations for to-night's jubilee and half-night of prayer are high.—T. Coombs, Staff-Capt.

Provincial Officers at Orillia.

Visit of Brigadier and Mrs. Pickering has been a splendid success. Crowds of people attended meetings. Holy Ghost mightily worked amongst the people. Five men and women sought salvation, besides numbers for consecration. Offerings over thirty-six dollars. Cpts. Clink and Bond have good hold.

Territorial Newslets.

The Siege is being taken up through the whole Territory with a spirit that gives good reason to hope for wonderful results.

Kingsville, Ont., will be opened by Major Rawling on Feb. 21st. Cpts. Pickle and Cook will take command. The names of these officers are very suggestive of what the devil might expect in the town when they get there.

One old lady, ninety-eight years of age, walked a mile on Sunday, Feb. 8th, to hear the Commissioner speak in the Grand Opera House at London, Ont.

Mr. Barnes, of Woodstock, a victim of the Wanstead wreck, was present at the Commissioner's meetings in London. Staff-Captain Goodwin arranged a carriage to bring him from the hospital to the Opera House, and of course he was more than delighted.

Brigadier Southall had an exceptionally good day, in point of crowds and interest, at Lisgar St., on Sunday last. On Sunday evening Major Archibald assisted the Brigadier, and sang one of his far-famed solos. Altogether the meetings were O. K. and a good day's battle was fought.

As a result of the appeal in the War Cry for nurses, three comrades have already applied, besides a number of applications being received from others who are anxious to do something to lift their fallen sisters.

Other Provinces have had a fair share of new properties and buildings of recent years, now comes the turn of the far-away Pacific. It is pleasing to know that the S. A. is negotiating about a lot in an excellent locality in Spokane, on which it is hoped to erect a building at a future date. The latter project, of course, depends upon the manner in which those Westerners get a "hustle on" and secure the necessary "wherewithal." But they are "hustlers from away back" we know well, and visions of an S. A. Citadel in the near future float before our eyes. All we can do at present is to watch and wait.

Then the signs look most hopeful on the property line in that lovely city called Victoria, B. C.

Regarding the recent London meetings conducted by the Commissioner, we cull the following extract from a letter received from Brigadier McMillan:

"I do not know of any time," states the Brigadier, "when our work has received a greater lift than it has from the meetings the Commissioner has held here."

For this good news we unitedly praise God.

The work of salvation is rushing ahead in the Eastern Province. It is proposed to open no less than five new corps in the near future.

We have nearly three hundred soldiers in Winnipeg, Man. During a recent Sunday's meetings, conducted by Major Burditt, twenty-two souls came to the mercy seat.

Plans are now in hand for the swearing-in of over one hundred soldiers in the city of Toronto on Good Friday. One hundred and ten soldiers were enrolled on one night twelve months ago, and an effort is being made to do better still this year.

MAINLY PERSONAL.—Capt. Owen has been very sick, and is at present in an hospital in Montreal. He is, however, improving at the time we go to press.—Staff-Capt. McNamara reports ten souls for her first Sunday at Peterboro.—Owing to a breakdown Ensign Comstock is furloughing from Tweed this week and goes on furlough.—Ensign Cabrit has received the sad news that a brother has been killed at her home in France.—Mrs. Brigadier Hargrave, we are happy to say, is now on a fair way towards convalescence, and is able to sit up.—Adj. and Mrs. McHarg have been having rather an exciting time, as well as several other officers. On account of the small-pox scare they were quarantined at Guelph, and their barracks locked up. The quarantine has since been raised, but they had to undergo the ordeal of being vaccinated.—Capt. Urquhart, who had been assisting in special meetings at Guelph, fell a victim to the same fate.

The Commissioner at London.

Snowstorm Outside—Salvation Hurricane Inside—Crowds Insurpassable—Enthusiasm and Eloquence Sway the Meetings and Result in Conviction and Conversion.

"What the dickens is all this noise about?" And which of the backwoods do you hail from?" was the quick reply. "All town knows that Commissioner Exa Booth is coming to pay us her promised visit. Man alive, but if you come to the Opera House to-morrow you'll——"

There is no finish to the sentence, for the Commissioner is here, stepping out of the car, waving her hand, smiling, and looking as pleased to see London as London is to see her. The P. O. carried the Commissioner off like the substantial whirlwind that he is, and dropped her literally into the motherly arms of Mrs. McMillan.

Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire and the Red Knights hurried to the Citadel, where they were billed for the Saturday night.

"That was one of the finest open-air I've seen," said an outside citizen who eyed the splendid ring that spanned the foot of Clarence St.

Personally we found it fascinating, and so whetting to the spiritual appetite that not even the biting wind that found out every crevice in our collar could chill the conviction fast creeping into our very bones that we were going to have one of the most glorious week-ends of our life.

The meeting was a most emphatic preface to all that Sunday promised. The crowd was in the heartiest of humors. The part-singing of the Red Knights was received with enthusiasm. Vocal and instrumental solos were listened to with breathless attention. Major Stanton's Bible reading took hold of heart as well as mind. Best of all, the right chord was struck. Not a note of the program but what led up to the penitent form, and at the close two widely-diversified sinners knelt side by side seeking mercy—one a young governess, with educated mind, but doubting heart, the other a broken-hearted man who, through drink, had made shipwreck of his life.

A HALLOWED MORNING.

The goodly crowd gathered in the Citadel was an eloquent expression of the hold the Commissioner has on the hearts of her people, for although it meant a very battle with the elements, they were not going to be cheated out of their soldiers' council.

The first sight of the Commissioner was inspiring, her face glowed with spirited anticipation in such an infectious way that every countenance in the meeting took on the same incouraging hue.

"Just as I am, Thy love unknown,
Is breaking every barrier down."

It is not often that the key-note of the meeting is struck thus early, but that song on our knees, to the Commissioner's new tune, brought melting influences over us all, and more than one rebellious heart felt their obstacles go "crash" as they listened. The power of God swept over the throng. We began to realize the weight of the purpose for which we had met.

Something more than the most accurate of verbatim reporters would be required to portray the Commissioner's marvelous address. His cold pencil might supply the words, but never the spirit of those thrilling lessons of counsel, reproof, and encouragement; he might convey the sentence, but never the fervor with which they were declared, making us feel the eternal importance of the truths dealt out to us. It was a hallowed hour. The tongue of fire was laid on the Commissioner's lips, and in touching her lips, it was laid on our hearts. Then there were revelations—painful ones for some of the crowd, but following close on the condemnation came new visions of His grace. And then the windows of heaven opened, the floods descended, the sobs of hearts laid hold of sounded through the hall, mingling with the joy of those finding deliverance.

More, far more than the line of contrite comrades kneeling at the penitent form have reason to be thankful for all time, and longer, that they braved the blizzard and ploughed the deep to hear the Commissioner that morning.

THE AFTERNOON'S SURPRISE.

If the morning was stormy, what can be said of the afternoon? The wind, which had whistled around corners, now made up its mind to be positively disagreeable, and by the time the doors of the Opera House were opened had worked itself up into a regular hurricane. With we must confess somewhat drooping spirits we struggled on in its teeth towards the spacious building—London's biggest hall—an immense place to fill even on a fine day.

"What do you think of that?" whispered a proud local voice in our ear.

We didn't know what to think. We looked and gasped. The vast auditorium was crowded to the very back and every seat of the side balcony already filled.

"And they have all tramped through that," we murmured with emphasis, glancing down at our snowy skirts.

"That's nothing to London, when it's the Commissioner that's in the question," said a Scotch tongue in our ear—but the speaker was already away to escort her in.

What a picture! The Opera House went wild over it, and shouted and stamped with a vociferation strangely unlike its usual irreproachable aspect. It was the Commissioner's slight form, between her two adopted little ones—her arms encircling them as she introduced their little song.

The children sang of heaven, of crowns, and robes, and waving palms. In spirit they carried us to that radiant shore, and not a few were surprised to find their eyes grow moist as the sweet child-voices rang out the invitation to go too.

Heaven seemed very near us that afternoon—strangely near—near as the children sang, and nearer still as the Commissioner spoke to us of its possibilities, its glories, its conditions. It was an old-time story, from the Book of all time, the Commissioner told us that afternoon, but told us in such a way as we had never heard it before, and with an influence which not the experience of a life-time can ever efface from our memories. Her address was a masterpiece of inspired oratory, and yet it was not as such that the units of that vast crowd most remember it. It was not the wonderful word-pictures drawn before us, but the way in which the needs of our own soul were thrown upon the canvas that held us as with a spell. It was not the declarations of truth, forcible though they were, so much as the tender pity with which they were told, that awakened our convictions and compelled our conscience to assert itself even against our will. It was not the personality of the speaker, living embodiment though she is of all she expounds, but the all-conquering influence of the Spirit of God which controlled her, empowered her, and through her overwhelmed us all. Strong men groaned audibly in the abandonment of their contrition, broken-hearted women sobbed aloud, and the great Opera House was the scene of a drama mightier than any it had witnessed before—for this was the life-play of the soul, and the orchestral stalls were consecrated by the tears of kneeling penitents.

THE CLIMAX OF SUNDAY.

We have said our last word on the weather. Its unkindly aspect in no way decreased, but the afternoon triumph made us gloriously independent of eccentricities. How that splendid crowd got down to the Opera House—for London scorns Sabbath street cars—was a mystery.

Half-blinded with snow, half-frozen with the cold, and more than half their breath confiscated by the gale, they were there on time, alert, expectant.

"Think, O Jesus, for what reason."

The Red Knights were on their knees, their eyes were shut, their hearts as well as their lips were voicing the song. The Commissioner's fingers on the harp-strings made that wonderful instrument vibrate with wonderful sympathy. An overmastering sense of the preciousness of Calvary descended upon us. Fragments of stirred feelings gave warning of the avalanche of conviction so soon to follow.

The preliminaries were brief—beautifully brief—a song, a prayer, a collection asked for with agility and ability by Mrs. Major Stanton, and the Commissioner was on her feet and every eye focussed, every attention fixed as one man. Our eyes were on the crowd. What a strange co-mingling of affluence and poverty, intelligence and simplicity, open-mind and prejudiced opinion, for the Commissioner to deal with. We could not help wondering whether those placid faces of self-satisfaction settling down for an intellectual treat had any premonition of the soul-thrusters that were surely awaiting them. Nor were we mistaken. Scidom have we heard the Commissioner, when her eloquence reached such burning, it was as though the live coal from the altar had touched her tongue. The soul-pulse of the meeting throbbed heavily under the tension of such mighty utterances. With an earnestness which thrilled every fibre of our being, and must have altogether exhausted her own, the Commissioner portrayed the soul's position, where it was and where it might be, and with that marvelous ability of fitting the cap onto the right head, and making its owner hold it there, she forced upon the heart of the crowd the realization of its danger and need.

What a prayer meeting! For a moment we stood at the back and watched it. On the stage the Commissioner, with Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire beside her, still held the bridge; behind her the splendid band were proving themselves believers as well as musicians. Conviction had wrought havoc with the crowd, and their bowed heads, trembling frames, and tear-stained faces, told how the Commissioner's words had gone home. What if the souls came slowly at first, they were splendid cases. "That backslider we have been seeking for months," said Staff-Capt. Goodwin, watching the P. O. lead up a broken-hearted soul. But soon there was a line of young men walked bravely up one after another, one or two almost overcome with grief were guided to the front. A husband and wife joined the penitents, and then ensued unutterable scenes of remorse, re-union, and rejoicings.

MONDAY'S FINALE.

Capt. Webber, most demure and capable of door-keepers, looked perplexed. She held a heavy plate, heaped with silver and tickets; behind her the eager crowd edged themselves up into the last available space of standing room, and before her another crowd equally as eager and pressingly importunate surged up the steps and besought the admittance which was not there to give. We were sorry for the hundreds of disappointed that had to be left in the street. Every inch of the platform, even to the steps, was occupied; they sat on the floor, on the penitent form, and at the back almost on each other's heads, and every aisle was wedged to suffocation. The Commissioner was conveyed with difficulty through the dense throng.

We have no space to tell in detail of the meeting, suffice it to say that it was one of the brightest and best it has been our lot to attend, despite atmospheric conditions which made even those who did nothing almost gasp for breath. The Commissioner forgot her sickness, or rather fought it down, and threw herself into the chance like the heroine that she is. The after-meeting was a pitched battle in which we felt the collision of right and wrong as rarely. But God and the Flag triumphed. There were some immense surrenders, and the total results ingathered for the Kingdom left at fifty-two, while the finances pleased even Major Rawling by amounting to \$219. As to the pleasure of the people, it was as one alderman put it, "Beyond expression, the Commissioner having taken hold of our hearts, as well as our consciences, as never before." And with this civic opinion all London seemed anxious to set its seal.—A.L.P.

DAILY READINGS

* * * ILLUSTRATED.

SUNDAY.

"And Jesus answered and said unto them, Have faith in God."—ST. MARK XI. 22.

Many of us can place but little confidence in our abilities, but we can, with a certainty, place unlimited faith in God. No matter whether things go right or wrong, on Him we can always depend. Let us not get discouraged through apparent failure, or heart-broken through disappointment. The latter is like a sieve. Through its coarse meshes the small ambitions, and hopes, and endeavors of a soul are sifted out relentlessly. But the things that are big enough not to fall through are not in the least affected by it. It is only a test, not a finality.

* * *

MONDAY.

"And that, knowing the time, that now it is high time to awake out of sleep."—ROM. xiii. 11.

How unconscious we are all apt to become to the opportunities around us of doing good, or the blessings there are in store for us.

It is almost a matter of utter impossibility for anyone to fall asleep in a proper Salvation Army meeting, but I have in my day seen a few that even the big drum scarcely affected. A severe lesson was administered to a sleeper in the Old Country. It appears a minister of the kirk, in good old Scotland, once discovered his wife fallen asleep in the midst of his homily on the Sabbath. So, pausing in the steady, and possibly monotonous flow of his oratory, he broke forth with this personal address, sharp and clear, but very deliberate: "Susan, I didna marry ye for your wealth, sin' ye ha'd none. And I didna marry ye for your beauty—that the hail congregation can see. And if ye hae no grace, I have made but sair bargain!" Susan's slumbers were effectually broken up for that day.

* * *

TUESDAY.

"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."—MATT. v. 16.

Holy living is far more effective than holy talking. A story is told of an English official from Peking. He was asked by a gentleman if he had witnessed any effects of Christianity upon the high officials of the Chinese Empire. In reply the official said that he had once asked a high mandarin if he had ever read the Bible. The mandarin returned to his inner room and brought back a book full of extracts from the New Testament, saying that he had copied from it the things which he most admired. Then, laying the book upon the table, he put his hand upon it and said, "If only the people who profess this religion were to live in accordance with its precepts, this religion would spread all over the world."

* * *

WEDNESDAY.

"Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright."—PROV. xxiii. 31.

The Salvation Army is a great temperance society—one of the largest in the world, as all its members are total abstainers. The salvation of Christ its officers teach has proved more effective than any other cure for the drunkard. Here is a case in point:

After nearly thirty miserable years in the grip of the alcohol fiend, during which time he passed through some most heart-rending experiences, a certain sinner in a town which shall be nameless, felt that life, with its intolerable burden, was too heavy to be borne; so he decided to end it without delay.

He had tried all sorts of remedies to destroy his craving for liquor, but without avail. An Inebriates' Home was thought to be the thing. It answered only for a time, then he broke out

worse than ever. His drunken habits got him into trouble, and on more than one occasion he was cast into prison.

One night, when at his worst, he heard the dear old drum of the Army. He went to the meeting, and was there, through the mighty convicting influence of the Holy Ghost, made to feel not only what a wretched sinner he was, but that there was hope for such as him.

He wept and prayed at the mercy seat, and before the meeting ended he was rejoicing in a sense of God's pardoning love. Since that hour, though his fight has been an extremely hard and uphill one, he has fought and conquered!

* * *

THURSDAY.

"If we sin wilfully after that we have received the knowledge of the truth, there remaineth no more sacrifice for sins."—HEB. x. 26.

Soldier, Christian comrade, let us put a watch upon our actions. We have taken upon ourselves the name of Christ.

What a fearful thing, after having known the love of Christ, and being at the battle's front, to be lost! Let the mantle of oblivion be thrown over his name, and let that poor lost soul be as he wrote, "Forgotten." But may his failure not be lost upon the living. Beware of backsliding. Let us not forget Calvary's Saviour, and let Him be to us an ever-present Deliverer out of all temptation.

* * *

FRIDAY.

"He that covereth his sins shall not prosper."—PROV. xxviii. 13.

It is quite possible in an evil moment, perhaps under severe trial, for a Christian to fall from grace, and instead of immediately making confession and restitution, try to cover up the wrong.

A comrade had only made a small wound, but it grew worse; nevertheless, with the application of some simple remedies, it was apparently fully restored. A few months afterwards it broke out in the same spot, and at last became so bad that it necessitated his removal to the hospital, and it was only with great care that his leg was saved from being amputated. The cause was that the remedy he first applied healed the wound, but covered up some foreign matter in it, which slowly but surely did its work, with the result already named. Had it been properly treated, and everything injurious extracted, the wound would have healed without any such after results.

Does not this illustrate the condition of many? If they would only rush to the tender mercies of Christ, how few backsliders there would be.

* * *

SATURDAY.

"The great God that formed all things both rewarded the fool, and rewardeth transgressors."—PROV. xxvi. 10.

While in every step we, as Christians, see the wondrous works of God, the sinner, in his foolishness, has his vision so darkened as to often openly declare his disbelief in a Supreme Being.

A story is told of a Frenchman who had won high rank among men of science, yet who denied the God who is Author of all. He was crossing the great African Sahara Desert in company with an Arab guide. He noticed, with a sneer, that at certain times his guide, whatever obstacles might arise, put them all aside, and kneeling on the burning sands, called on his God. At last, one evening, the philosopher, when he rose from his knees, asked him with a contemptuous smile, "How do you know there is a God?" The guide fixed his beaming eye on the scorpion for a moment in wonder, and then said solemnly, "How do I know there is a God? How do I know that a man, and not a camel, passed my hut last night in the darkness? Was it not by the print of his feet in the sand? Even so"—and he pointed to the sun, whose last rays were flashing over the lonely desert—"that footprint is not the footprint of a man."

Do all the good you can,
In all the ways you can,
At all the times you can,
To all the people you can,
With all the love you can.

EVOLUTION OF THE
SALVATION ARMY.

JAPAN.

RESCUE WORK.—Continued.

Good people felt that the slavery of these girls must be contrary to the general law of the land, and that if any girl wished to cease her business she could do so at any time. Others tried to bring about a change for the better with but little success.

An appeal was then made to the Salvation Army to take up the question and open a Rescue Home. To make a long story short, one was accordingly opened in Tokyo. It proved a great success, and touching tales of rescue could be told if we could but spare the space. A special Rescue War Cry was published and

THE BATTLE BEGAN IN EARNEST

with this abominable traffic. Applications from both girls and parents began to pour in. As soon, however, as our officers attempted to secure the liberty of individual girls, it was found how real their bondage was. The police seemed powerless. Keepers refused to sign their girls away. The S. A., however, had stirred up the newspapers, and public sentiment ran high. About this time two of our officers were returning from an attempt to secure the release of a girl when they were attacked, severely beaten, and had to be escorted back by about forty policemen. Colonel Bullard, on another occasion, with a number of other officers, went to secure the release of another girl, and had to be guarded by fifty or sixty policemen. The offices of the "Shin Nihon" newspaper, which had been dead on the traffic, were visited and wrecked by a gang from the licensed quarters. It was certainly an anxious time, and one of terror. But right eventually came out victorious, and as a result of the Army's agitation in Tokyo, in the short space of two months, many difficulties had been overcome by Government Ordinance, and

LIBERTY PROCLAIMED

for every licensed prostitute in Japan.

In no less than four months, 1,100 girls left their lives of shame in Tokyo alone as a result!

The general influence of this agitation on the Salvation Army work in Japan has, of course, been very great. Wherever our officers go they are centres of friendly interest.

Interesting Items.

The Chinese have a god for every disease, even for mumps and measles.

There are fifty-five dogs in the United Kingdom to every thousand inhabitants.

The property value of Greater New York would buy one-third of all the farms in the United States.

In 1626 the Dutch bought Manhattan Island for \$24, and did not want the surrounding country at any price. To-day the value of the land and buildings of the city is \$4,500,000,000, or 50 cents a square foot for the entire 360 square miles.

A man in North Carolina was selling standing timber—walnut trees. The man who was buying came to one very handsome tree. He told the owner he would pay as much as \$50 for that tree. The owner did not sell, but sent for experts. He got \$1,500 for the tree (curled walnut) as it stood. The man who cut it down realized \$3,000 for it on the cars. It was shipped to New York and veneered one-sixth to half an inch. The sales were watched. The tree brought \$60,000.

On the inside of a triumphal arch in the old town of Cassel, Germany, through which the soldiers marched to meet the French, in 1870, these words are cut in stone, "Gott sei mit uns" (God be with us); on the other side of the same gateway, read the same army returning from the series of glorious victories, these words, "Gott war mit uns" (God was with us).

Prominent Army Leaders.

Brigadier and
Mrs. Rauch.

From Cape Colony to Jamaica is a big jump; but Brigadier and Mrs. Rauch—now in London—have already negotiated half the distance, and in a few weeks will be "quite at home" in their new surroundings. Climatically, there is not a wonderful difference between some parts of South Africa and the West Indies. Hence the newly-appointed Army Commander of the latter Territory—who, physically, is not too robust an individual, and, as an Afrikaner, enjoys every kind of heat rather than the cold snap, fog of the pea-soup order, and rawness and dampness similar to the recent English varieties, of which he has had a fine taste since landing from Southampton the other day—should be in his element. Indeed, we have his authority for stating that he views the prospect all round with considerable satisfaction, and is in for a glorious season of devil-thrashing under new conditions, despite hurricanes, volcanic eruptions, or what not!

A COSMOPOLITAN SALVATIONIST.

Pre-eminently a man of God, a zealot of the blood-and-fire, a capable and painstaking administrator, a good financier, a leader, trainer, and reader of men, a keen musician, a cosmopolitan Salvationist, Brigadier Rauch may be depended upon to seize every opportunity for advancing the interests of the Army in the West Indies. Without respect to person, the Brigadier has worked well and successfully almost throughout his Army experience—extending over a period of fifteen years—among a mixed white, colored, and native population. On lines not altogether dissimilar, he and Mrs. Rauch will continue their labors on that "happy hunting ground" with which Commissioner Cadman has recently been so much impressed, and which promises to be prolific of excellent results under their leadership.

The Brigadier's new people are a music-loving folk, and, if we mistake not, his very fiddle—which was ever his close companion in South Africa—will now prove to be of inestimable service, for he manipulates his instrument with Slater-like vigor and precision, and possesses the happy knack of inspiring the most drowsy and apathetic congregation, either inside or out, by its aid alone. This, coupled with a fine voice, a firm and quiet rather than an exuberant manner, and a fluent delivery, will abundantly satisfy his audiences.

Mrs. Brigadier Rauch's loss to South Africa will be deeply felt. She is a "worker" in the truest and best sense of the word, and, despite the claims of a large family, has filled various important posts in Cape Town, to the Army's great advantage, financially and otherwise.

AN INTERESTING CAREER.

Brigadier Rauch's career is an interesting one. His early training was chiefly in Dutch, both as regards speech and habits. His parents died when he was very young; but God provided a way by which the orphan boy should be trained and educated under the best of influences, and in a Christian family. A change of heart was, however, considered essential for the boy's happiness and usefulness in life, and with that object in view, one of the members of the family, on a certain night, tackled the lad in his bedroom while he was preparing his lessons for the following day, with the result that he there and then gave his heart to God. From that time young Rauch commenced to take up active Christian work. His services were enlisted in connection with the Ragged Sunday-School, which had then just been started, and into which were gathered every Sunday large numbers of the poorest and most destitute children of the city. In this work he continued to labor untiringly for years, in the meantime preparing himself for the ministry of the Dutch Reformed Church. He, however, manifested interest and sympathy towards the Salvation Army, from its beginning in Cape Town; in fact, he was present at their first meeting, when his mind was

deeply impressed with the sincere and whole-hearted devotion of the pioneer officers.

THE PATH OF SELF DENIAL.

It was, however, not until the beginning of 1887 that a conflict commenced in the soul of the young student. The ministry, with its remunerations and comfortable prospects, or the life of self-denial and obedience such as was expected of the officers in the Army, presented itself to him, and he felt the time had come to choose one or the other.

The conflict was fierce and the struggle severe; but the Spirit of God gave light and power, and so the victory was won. His application was forthwith accepted, and within forty-eight hours after Cadet Rauch was on his way to the Training Home of the Salvation Army at Port Elizabeth—much to the surprise of many who knew him.

Having passed through such training as was given at the time, Cadet Rauch was promoted to the rank of Captain, and appointed to Graaff-Reinet I. The blessing of God accompanied his labors, and in the space of six weeks some sixty-six men and women, some of the worst in the town, got converted, and a grand work of revival commenced in the corps, trophies of which are still standing, and some of them are fighting in the ranks as officers. Then followed a short visit to England on behalf of our native operations in South Africa, which event gave the young Captain a splendid opportunity of becoming better acquainted with the Army and its work, and which naturally deepened in his mind and heart certain convictions which he held about the movement, and brought him back to his native land a better Salvationist.



BRIGADIER AND MRS. RAUCH.

After a second spell at Graaff-Reinet, Capt. Rauch was promoted to the rank of Adjutant, and appointed to the charge of the Men's Training Home at Port Elizabeth.

In September, 1889, Staff-Capt. Rauch was ordered to take up secretarial duties in connection with Territorial Headquarters, where he, later on, was appointed to the Field Secretaryship, and also obtained the rank of Major.

In 1892, Major Rauch was married to Capt. Janie Scott, and appointed to the charge of the Western Division, and in 1893 was called to take the position of Chief Secretary for Germany, under Commissioner Railton. Owing to a physical breakdown, the Major and his family were sent back to South Africa in 1894, where he subsequently held the positions of Financial and Trade Secretary, General Secretary, Social Secretary, and Assistant Chief Secretary respectively, the last three positions with the rank of Brigadier.

AS THE CLOCK STRUCK TWELVE.

Mrs. Brigadier Rauch is also a colonial by birth, but Scotch by descent and training. In her youth she was too much devoted to pride and the fashions of the world to even think of the Army as a people likely to suit her, and thus she could hardly be induced to attend a meeting. But the Army has a way of attracting folk, if not by its ordinary, then by its special demonstrations, and thus it happened that Miss Scott was one night persuaded to attend a band festival on the occasion of a visit from the Jubilee Band. Here it happened that the Spirit of God convicted her to such an extent that, do what she would, she could find no rest for body or soul that night, until about midnight she was forced to make her way to her saintly father's

bedroom for help and guidance as to the way of salvation. As the clock struck twelve her struggles ceased and peace entered.

She decided to devote her life to God and the Army, and from that moment she took her stand out-and-out, both at home and in business, much to the disgust and sorrow of some of her most intimate companions. She became a soldier of the local corps right away, wearing the full Army uniform, and shortly after offered herself as a Candidate for the work. After some months she entered the Training Garrison at Kimberley, whence she was appointed to various corps as an officer, and God wonderfully blessed her labors by giving her some splendid trophies of His saving grace.

In 1892, she became united to Major Rauch, so that her subsequent life and work has been banded with that of her husband. The Brigadier and his wife are eminently fitted for the important command which the General has now bestowed upon them, and a host of comrades and friends will watch their future progress with the deepest interest. A grand work for God and the Army has yet to be done in the Indies, and Brigadier and Mrs. Rauch may be depended upon to hasten its consummation by the continued exercise of that skill, devotion, and constancy which have ever been their characteristics as officers.

A man must be religious if he would be reasonable.

Criticising the sermon may be but digging up the seed.

TRAINING HOME TIPS.

By ADLT. C. A. PERRY.

The last notes brought us up within sight of the last day and hours of Training Home life. The commissioning and "good-byes" were then things of the near future. They have since taken place and become a part of history—a never-to-be-forgotten part with our lads and ladies.

The meeting when our brave Cadets received their first commission had been a long-looked-for event. There were surprises upon surprises, both as to rank and appointment. One lassie afterwards remarked, "I said I was willing to go to India or anywhere, but when I got my orders I thought, well, Cape Breton is quite far enough for me." She had been appointed to that far island, and no doubt felt, seeing she belonged to Ontario, that that was quite a distance from home. However, the lad-Cadet who came from Manitowish Island, and after his training spent his wings for Cape Breton, also had even a longer flight. One lad thought his commission read Woodstock, Ont., until he got home and found, to his surprise, it read Woodstock, N.B.

Charlottetown to Winnipeg is no small journey, and the lassie-Cadet who left the hills of P.E.I. five months ago, and now got her orders for the plains of the West, must have thought so. Thus the Cadets separated east, west, north, and south, rejoicing above the pain of separation, in the fact that they were to become saviours of others.

Could you have followed home the Cadets that night, and entered the T. H. numbers, you would have seen some great remarks. It is a good thing the writer knew many of the corps to which they were going, so as to satisfy to some degree at least, their thirst for knowledge about them.

Then came the packing of trunks, sewing on of braids, and the many things that were all a part of the Exodus from the T. H. Following this came the farewell tea. Notwithstanding the fact that it was the last of its kind we should have together, the Cadets tried to banish all thought of the future, and to make the present time as sweet. The kindness of Major and Mrs. Stanton in providing these treats will never be forgotten.

As soon as dishes and tables could be cleared away and the room re-arranged, the farewell meeting took place. It was a blessed season. Each Cadet was allowed to speak out just freely his feelings. Prayers were made, experiences related, admonition given, and then the Major closed the meeting. Principals had put their whole energies into the training of their large family, and now at the parting could only commend them to Him who neither slumbers nor sleeps, and whose grace has proved sufficient for even the weakest.

Next day witnessed their departure. They went off in four contingents, as follows:

No. I, at 7 a.m., including all the West Ontario officers, under the "elderly" care of the newly-made Captain Lighthouse.

No. II, contingent left at 7.30. These included the boys of the E.O.P. officers, who were scattered by different lines far and near.

No. III, contingent, or trio as it might be called, as it only included three, left at 12.45. It consisted of two North-West officers and the newly-made Captain Galt, bound for Lindsay.

No. IV, contingent, comprising all the Eastern officers, left for their homes at 1.30. These were left behind to assist with the moving, gave them a proper send-off. The train pulled out, and the few who came to the farewell closed. May I cannot say adieu to the noble lads and ladies who so willingly have stayed behind to assist with the new home will be given a better farewell.

It cannot be denied but that the second session of Cadets have made a mark upon the city, and will be remembered by what they have done. Our prayers follow them, and though they have gone from us, we shall still be interested in their welfare.

Statistics.

The second contingent of Cadets have recorded the following figures during their term:

Houses called	15,000
Houses entered	15,000
Houses prayed in	2,300
Visits to families	2,300
Publications sold	15,000
Souls Saved on the Street	12
Souls Saved at seven visits to Corps	62

The War Cry.

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All Cheques, P. O. and Express Orders should be made payable to EVANGELINE BOOTH.
All manuscripts to be written in ink or by typewriter, and on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly.

GAZETTE.

Promotions—

ADJT. McAMMOND to be STAFF-CAPTAIN.

Cadet Brett to be Pro-Lieutenant at Nanaimo.

Cadet Rickard to be Pro-Lieutenant at Dillon.

Lieut. Danberville to be Captain at Chesley.

Lieut. Jago to be Captain at Aurora.

Lieut. Allen to be Captain at Blenheim.

Appointments—

STAFF-CAPT. McNAMARA to Peterboro Corps and District.

STAFF-CAPT. MOORE to Montreal I.

ADJT. FRASER to Lighthouse, Montreal.

ADJT. PARSONS to Special Work in Central Ontario Province.

ADJT. THOMAS to Portage la Prairie Corps and District.

ADJT. WAKEFIELD to Brandon Corps and District.

ENSIGN ALLEN to Windsor, N.S.

ENSIGN SHERWIN to Collingwood.

ENSIGN LeCOCQ to Huntsville.

ENSIGN McDONALD to Kilmount.

ENSIGN W. THOMPSON to Picton.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,
Commissioner.

Editorials.

The Siege.

Reconciliation Sunday.—What a fitting beginning for our great annual spiritual effort. We must have harmony of thought, of aim, and of action among us. Let us make sure that there remains no resemblance of any hard or strange feelings between comrades, lest we go to fight the legions of hell with its agents amongst us. Then what an opportunity to regain those who once were with us, but have gone out from us. Patient, loving, and persistent going after them will tell. They are stumbling-blocks in our advance; let us not only remove them out of the way, but make them again one with us. Their memories and preferences have been largely with us. They seldom can stay away long from our barracks. Their hearts yearn for the lost blessing of salvation, and forfeited companionship of old comrades, therefore they must be our first captives.

Visitation.—The idea of visitation contains the very fundamentals of success in a corps. Visitation is the most important part of corps work. Without it there are only slim bonds between officers on the one hand, and soldiers, sinners, and friends on the other. Visitation contains the key to the individual heart. Make the most of this priceless chance.

The Commissioner's Message.—Special attention should be paid to the reading of the Commissioner's Siege Message from the platform. In many corps it would be advisable to read it both in the afternoon and at night. Read it at such a time when the audience has "settled down" to the meeting and will pay the best attention. It

The General at the U. S. Capitol.

The General Lunched with President Roosevelt and Cabinet Ministers—Opening the Senate with Prayer—An Historic Occasion—Drawing-Room Meeting with Leading Statesmen.

(By Wire.)

General Booth's reception at Washington has been remarkable in the religious and philanthropic history of America. He was entertained at the Arlington Hotel, together with Commander and Consul Booth-Tucker, as the guest of Senator Hanna.

By special invitation, the General and Commander lunched at the White House with President Roosevelt and three Cabinet Ministers—Secretary of State, Secretary of War, and Secretary of Interior. The President expressed warm approval of the work of the Army, commending especially its Colonization, Rescue, and Prison Work.

The Consul was entertained at a private reception at the White House, where she met President and Mrs. and Miss Roosevelt, and about fifty other ladies, including the wives of the Cabinet Ministers and other prominent party leaders. They all expressed deep interest and admiration for Army work.

The following morning, accompanied by Senator Hanna, the General proceeded to the Capitol, having been requested to open the Senate with prayer. He was conducted to the Vice-President's room, where a number of leading Senators met him, including Senator Frye, President of the Senate; Senator Hoar, the Grand Old Man of the Senate; General Alger, late Secretary of War; Senator Chauncey Depew, the well-known orator; Senator Pridemore, and others. The marble corridors and spacious stairways of the Capitol were thronged with eager multitudes while every nook and corner of the galleries were packed to witness the unique spectacle. It was said that not for years had such a crowd gathered. The Senatorial desks, ranged in horseshoe shape, were mostly occupied, an unusual experience at the opening ceremony, while a thick fringe of members from the House of Representatives formed an interesting background. Promptly at 10 o'clock the President of the Senate entered, accompanied by the General. As the gavel fell upon his desk the Senators rose to their feet while intense silence prevailed, and heads were reverently bowed. The scene was dramatic and impressive in the extreme. In the solemn Senate Chamber of the great Republic, surrounded by its most prominent statesmen, stood prophet-like, with silvered hair and flowing beard, the famous apostle of the working classes, the modern Moses, who was leading the host of the submerged from the Egypt of sin, misery, poverty, vice, and crime into the Canaan of deliverance, of

help, hope, and salvation. As the voice of the General burst into prayer each soul seemed carried into the very presence of God. So simple was that petition that the youngest could understand, so suitable that not one seemed left out, so tender and appealing that every heart seemed touched. If the union of souls makes prayer acceptable, then surely those six minutes of solemn devotion have seldom been surpassed. At the conclusion of the prayer, by a unanimous vote, it was decided to include it in the records of the proceedings, and the ordinary rules excluding strangers from the House were suspended while, for nearly one hour, the General remained in the Chamber conversing with Senators and Congressmen.

In the splendid parlors of the Arlington Hotel, at the invitation of Senator Hanna, the General met twenty-two of the leading statesmen of America, including Cabinet Ministers, Speaker of the House of Representatives, Justice of Supreme Court, Generals, Senators and Representatives. Admiral Dewey was prevented by illness from attending. For over an hour the General held his distinguished listeners in rapt attention, and at the conclusion of his address one after another rose to assure him of their deep and earnest interest.

The two public meetings were thronged, and an everlasting impression was made upon America's Capitol.

Philadelphia's Welcome.

Record Crowds and One Hundred and Forty-Five Penitents.

From Washington, the General proceeded to Philadelphia, where an enthusiastic reception was accorded him. In spite of heavy and continuous rain the splendid Auditorium Theatre was crowded with three thousand persons, and both afternoon and night thousands were turned away. General marvelously baptised with power, gripped the vast audiences and pierced their consciences with lightning bolts of truth. Conviction swept over their hearts, and the mercy seat was lined with one hundred and forty-five penitents. Officers and soldiers threw themselves heartily into the great battle for souls, led by the Commander and Consul, Colonels Higgins, Lawley, Gifford, and Bringle.—COLONEL LAWLEY.

Lieut.-Colonel Sharp at Bridgetown.

Bridgetown has had one of the mightiest stirrings in its history, the occasion being the visit of the Provincial Officer, Adj. Wiggins, D.O., accompanied by the Soul-Saving Troupe. Only a few months ago officers marched out with one soldier; yesterday we were forty strong. The meetings proved mighty, soul-stirring, heart-searching times. Twenty-two souls for the week-end was the splendid visible result. Income nine times the average. Court House packed to doors twice on Sunday. People of town in ecstasy over the meetings. The Colonel's addresses were delivered with power. One lady saved in her seat during the meeting. Music of Troupe highly delighted the people. District making grand progress. Results of P. O.'s visit to District, thirty-two souls and packed house in every town visited.—DEBOW.

Double Visit to Truro.

Adj. Payne, of Halifax Rescue Home, accompanied by Alex., conducted special service at Truro on Sunday with splendid success. Monday Lieut.-Colonel Sharp, Provincial Officer, conducted a grand salvation meeting, resulting in eighteen souls and three Candidates. Hallelujah!—DEBOW.

Provincial Revivalists at Uxbridge.

Beautiful beginning and glorious finish of the Provincial Revivalists' campaign at Uxbridge. Good crowds attended—1,346 for the week, being 846 over the average. Collections thirty dollars for week. Ten souls knelt at the mercy seat. Many thanks for kindness of Capt. Gravett, Treas. Linton, and comrades. To God be all the glory.—ADJT. W. E. PARSONS.

THE COMMISSIONER'S SIEGE MESSAGE.

(This Letter is to be Read by the Commanding Officer from the Platform in the Sunday Night Meeting.)

RECONCILIATION is a beautiful word—beautiful above all other words because of its, above all, most beautiful meaning. It embraces pardon for direct guilt. It rectifies wrongs, great and small. It covers differences of all descriptions. It is the bridge Calvary swung for the crossing of a lost world back to God. Whatever the offence, when the offender becomes reconciled to the offended, all is forgiven—all is put right; and if the grievance or misunderstanding has severed the links of warm friendship, love, and trust—which grievance and misunderstanding are so apt to do—reconciliation comes in and re-unites them. Therefore I would say that it is impossible for us to make any progress in our souls, or to do much for the erring and weak around us, without having this spirit which will make us ever ready and eager to look over the faults of others and to become reconciled to those who may have hurt us, or even wronged us. Life is an uphill climb for us all, we each have our difficulties to encounter, our burdens to bear, our trials to carry, our temptations to resist, and the peculiarities in our different characters to contend with, that misunderstandings and little unpleasantnesses are always cropping up, and apart from having a very forgiving heart, all full of that compassion, that pity, that love which makes it easy for you to forgive others their trespasses as you ask God to forgive you yours, it will be impossible for you to get through with the spiritual race on the winning side. From my observations I would say that on the Christian battlefield it pays much better to be able to forgive well than to talk well, to pardon readily than to testify readily, to love freely than to give freely. Look at the heart-breaks, church-wrecks, and soul-backslidings that have resulted from grudge-bearing, envy, and jealousy, and an unwillingness to forgive one another's short-comings and faults. There are some even here who can trace their loss of power, their influence for good, their zeal for the work, their happiness of heart, and as well a good deal of damage to their reputation, to some unforgiven grievance harbored and carried for months, or maybe even years. It may have been an injustice, it may have been a false accusation, it may have been nothing more than a cruel misunderstanding. But whatever it is, I cannot help but say it is ten thousand pities, it is a treacherous, wretched mistake, it is a wrong to yourself, to God, and to others, it is a heart-break in time, and it will stand against you in eternity, harboring up and stretching out the evils or mistakes of others. Somebody may say: "Well, I have been very cruelly hurt!" Well, supposing you have, and supposing you are perfectly correct in feeling a great wrong has been done you, we will say that it has, but have you not committed a greater in not forgiving it? Has it not been unlike your Master, who has in your heart and life forgiven so much, who has told you to love your enemies and to forgive seventy times seven if necessary? Has your nursing the ill-feeling done anybody any good? Has it not done yourself a great deal of harm? God has left it to us not to judge, but to forgive, to forgive freely, and to forgive all the time; and on the opportunity of this glorious Reconciliation Sunday, as one who

is deeply interested in you and longs after your spiritual welfare, I would persuade you to let every ill-feeling, every unkind feeling, every envious feeling, every grudging feeling, that you may have held toward another, be lost in the sea of God's love. Let it go. Don't carry it any further with you. It has darkened the way enough. Don't stretch it out; little or great, it has done you enough damage and caused you quite enough pain. Let it all go. Forgive! Forgive! There is nothing more beautiful, there is nothing more pleasing to God, there is nothing more like His Son Jesus, to leave the judgment of other's sins and personal wrongs to Him, and for our part just to forgive them—forgive them freely, quickly, gladly.

Then in this crowd there are those who have gone back altogether from serving God. There is no heart sadder or more burdened than the backslider's heart. I do not know for what it was you sold your peace, but I am quite sure it has not been worth the price of your soul. Life has been a hard thing since you left off taking its trials and perplexities to Jesus. If you have prospered in temporal things you have not been happy, in fact, in reality you have been miserable. You are full of uncertainty as to the present. You do not know what storm, affliction, or bereavement may break in upon you, and you have no unfailing, unerring Friend, no shelter to flee to, no God to lean upon. The past you cannot bear to think of, its fond, dear memories haunt you; the Christian you once were, and the soldier of the cross you used to be you would rather never speak of. Sometimes the songs you used to sing float through your mind and tell of the happiness you enjoyed. Sometimes something happens that reminds you of the power for good you used to be, the Bible loved, or the promises you made on your knees. When all these fingers of the past tear away at the heart-strings the backslider must feel very wounded. Then there is the future. It has no hope in it. There is nothing brighter to travel towards. Every day sin does more of its destructive work, in your soul and in your life. If death came suddenly and unexpectedly, the dying would be awful with heaven's gates shut against you, and all your backslidings slaving with you to judgment.

"All the past with its chances,
All the 'what might have been,'
Every conflict and victory
He had meant you to win.
How you'll wish you'd gone forward,
Loving Jesus alone,
When you stand in the light
Of the Great Judgment Throne."

O backsliders, poor backsliders, my heart aches for you, and I would persuade you to come back to God. Come home—come home as you are. Come now. This beautiful Reconciliation Sunday was organized especially for your return. Do not travel any further down. Do not wander any further off. But just now gather up all your errands, mistakes, wrongdoings, and bring them to Jesus and tell Him the whole story, where the blow fell and the wave which swept you went under. Remember with what a wonderful love He has loved you—love unchanging, love undying, love which, although

you left Him, has been seeking after you every step of the way. He is not unmindful of the struggle you had, or the strength of the temptation which overcame you, or the trouble you got into, or how hard your poor heart has turned, and He holds out His nail-torn hands just now and says, "I will heal thy backslidings." Come unto Him. I know you have no excuse to make, I know you have no credit to offer, I know you feel confused, ashamed and sorry over what you have done, but you can come to Him saying—

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come."

Oh, may you do this!

Brangeline Bodd

Commissioner.

LOOK AND LIVE!

"As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."—JOHN iii. 14, 15.

At the beginning of our great campaign for desperate effort to save souls, let us take this passage as a motto. The Children of Israel were bitten by the fiery serpents in the wilderness. God did not give Moses power to heal them, nor did he miraculously provide a herb, or some drug, to cure them. What remedy did He give? He told Moses to make a brazen image and to bring the people to it to look upon it, and as they gazed the fiery poison lost its power—they were healed.

Even so, God has not given us power to forgive sins, or provided a miraculous procedure by which it can be forgiven, or a difficult way by which salvation can be gained. He has simply given His Son Jesus to the world that the world might crucify Him, and that a stricken world might gaze upon Him and live!

Man's attention is so held by the occupation or ambition of the moment that they cannot see Christ or the things of eternity. The pleasure cup, the excitement of sports, the promise of fame, and the glitter of gold keep men's gaze fastened upon worldly things, and his hands busy in digging down for his riches. We must persuade them to stop for a time and look. "There is life for a look at the Crucified One." If we can only succeed in drawing men's minds from the affairs of the moment, and by the aid of the search-light of truth direct their look toward Jesus Christ, who stands with spread arms to receive them, their own littleness will be revealed to them; they will fall down before the Christ crying: "Unclean, unclean!" while He will stoop in love and place the kiss of reconciliation upon their forehead, and bid them go in peace and sin no more.

Staff-Capt. Miller has just completed alterations in the Provincial Offices at London, and has made a first class job of the same. The Provincial Officer and his Staff have written saying that they are delighted with their new quarters.

News and Notes of the Eastern Province.

HALIFAX RESCUE OFFICERS' TOUR.

MRS. ADLT. PAYNE, ADLT. REEKSTED, AND MASTER ALEX. PAYNE ON A SUCCESSFUL TOUR—SPLENDID MEETINGS—SOULS AND FINANCIAL HELP FOR THE HOME.

Through the kindness of Lieut.-Colonel Sharp, a trip had been arranged through Cape Breton for the benefit of our Rescue House and Children's Shelter in Halifax.

Glouce Bay

was the first place on the list, and we spent Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 17th and 18th, at this corps. Beautiful crowds greeted us at each meeting, and the interest manifested in our work by the officers, soldiers and friends was deeply appreciated, and a source of real inspiration to Adlt. Mrs. Payne and the writer, who were present. This is where you find the Salvation Army in reality, a good, whole-hearted lot of blood-and-fire soldiers. On Sunday afternoon Mrs. Payne delivered an address on the work accomplished during the past year in the home. In a series of vivid illustrations she introduced us on the moment to the vortex of human sorrow and misery, and the next moment compelled us to stand in glorious bewilderment by the side of women, girls, and children, clothed in the light of the world. We have been delivered from their past. The practical sympathy of the people were solicited, and resulted in a magnificent income of over eighty-three dollars. Our hearts were cheered and encouraged, and we are indeed grateful to the officers, Staff-Capt. and Mrs. McLean for their extreme kindness to us in every respect.

Dominion

is the next place to be visited. Capt. and Mrs. Hudson received us very kindly, and made our stay with them very pleasant indeed. The meeting on Monday night was a decided success. Little Alex., who accompanied us and worked very hard with his singing, praying, and speaking, was made a great blessing. Deep interest proved thrilling, and one precious soul came to Jesus for salvation. The finances were good.

Reserve

This is just a small place, also a new opening. The barracks was packed on Tuesday night. They have had some grand times of conversion since God, and are now a day faithful. Alex's singing and speaking melted the hearts of the people, and Mrs. Payne's address awakened their sympathy in this branch of our work, for when the collection was taken they readily responded.

Whitney Pier

Wednesday night Capt. Fannie Clark and Lieut. Melkie gave us a real hearty welcome. Although the night was a very disagreeable one, yet very good weather prevailed, and the meeting proved very interesting. Two gentlemen came back after the meeting had closed, and named Mrs. Payne a small donation towards the winter tour.

Spencer Mines

Thursday night, after having quite an interesting time in order to fill the appointment, we arrived at 7.30 p.m. Capt. Lebars and Lieut. Newell received us very warmly. This is one of the best good, never-ending, nice little crowd, and Alex's singing did much towards making the meeting a success.

Sunday

Saturday and Sunday, 24th and 25th, Ensign and Mrs. Knight were the essence of kindness, and a very enjoyable time was spent here. In the hall, where we were to have a meeting, we were met by a very large and interesting crowd, and the meeting was a great success. Sunday afternoon Mrs. Payne delivered another much-appreciated address on the work of the home, and little Alex., who never failed, helped in all the meetings. A generous collection was taken up.

North Sydney

Monday night, 26th, through the kindness of Mr. Joe Satter, the R. H. H. Mission was placed at our disposal free of charge. The hall was packed to excess, and as little Alex. prayed and sang, and Mrs. Payne delivered a most interesting account of the work, many were moved to tears. One soul volunteered for God. Their practical sympathy resulted in \$10, which was very much appreciated. The meeting was also very grateful to Ensign and Mrs. Parsons for their kindness.

New Glasgow

We were most cordially welcomed by Ensign and Mrs. Carter, also the soldiers and friends. The meeting was a tremendous success. Mrs. Payne delivered a most interesting address, and was met by a large and interesting audience. The Rescue Work is thoroughly appreciated by the friends in New Glasgow, for they gladly responded to the appeal made by Mrs. Payne, and the result was \$21. Ensign Carter worked hard to make the meeting a real success.

Westville

What shall I say of Westville? They did nobly under the circumstances, as Ensign and Mrs. Thompson were farwelled. The soldiers and friends know how to give liberally, and you feel they are anxious to assist the work that is doing so good. We praise God for the blessings received, and Mrs. Payne rejoices greatly that her financial burdens have been lessened to a great extent.—Nettie Reeksted, Adlt.

THROUGH CAPE BRETON DISTRICT.

Port Hood

the new opening, is doing fine, and souls are being saved. I spent three days there of late, and had a proper time, with five meetings. We have been very successful in our work, and a lot of converts, who are taking their stand for Christ and the Army. Good crowds attend the meetings, and the people are doing well. The Army is doing well, and the officers in charge, and are doing a grand work for God there.

Lombard

is still going ahead, and a few souls are getting saved. Capt. L. Miller and Lieut. Moore are fighting away, and God is blessing their work.

Sydney Mines

is still advancing. At my last visit there we had a blessed time, with ten souls and a fine crowd. Capt. Lebars and Lieut. Newell are in for fighting the devil in every way in this place.

Whitney Pier

Capt. Clark and Lieut. Melkie have just farwelled after a step of three months. During their stay they have taken a large for the better. The place is packed out on Sunday nights, and a few souls are getting saved. Praise God! Capt. John Clark and Lieut. Wood have just taken charge, and I believe will have some big work to do.

Reserve Mines

another new opening, was just opened three weeks ago, and I am glad to say we are having some real soul-saving times there. Capt. Hudson, of Dominion, has been running it as an outpost, but the work, I am glad to say, has not revived that we have to open it as a corps. I was there last Friday night, and we had a big time, I tell you. The place was packed, and many souls were saved. One soul was saved, and I carried nine soldiers, making a total of twenty-four, with many recruits. Capt. F. White is the officer in charge, and is doing well. There is a grand future for the Army in this place. Some of the bare sinners there have got saved.

Dominion

is still going ahead under the command of Capt. and Mrs. Hudson, and souls are getting saved weekly. I have just spent a week and there and collected the first anniversary meetings. Happy Jim Miller and the Cape Breton Blood-and-Fire Brigade were with me, and we had a proper time. The crowds were splendid, two souls were saved, and eight dollars were given for prayer. The income was good. The officers of the District came in for a big jubilee on Monday night, also the Glouce Bay band, who, by the way, are always ready to lend a helping hand with their music. They more than delighted the crowd, as also did Ensign Knight with his tremendous voice. The officers did their part, and we had a proper time. During the year, at this place, 274 souls have professed to find Christ, and seventy-five have taken their stand as soldiers.

North Sydney

is going well, under the command of Ensign and Mrs. P. Parsons. I have just spent a week-end there with Major Howell and the Musical Troupe. We had a delightful time. The Royal Albert Hall was engaged for the Sunday, and was crowded out. Twelve souls were saved, and over \$80 income. I might say we have taken the Royal Albert Hall for our Sunday's meetings for the winter, and it is proving a great blessing to our work in this town. We are also arranging to buy a piece of land to build a barracks at a cost of one thousand dollars, and I am glad to say the soldiers have promised five hundred dollars for the same. We are proper to, that they have been a visit, and more than delighted the people with his singing and lecture.

Sydney

is also doing well. Ensign and Mrs. Knight have just taken charge, and are getting a good hold of the place. A few souls are getting saved. The new barracks is a great blessing to Sydney. Staff-Capt. Manton's visit was welcomed by all, and his lecture, "Sixty Years Through Smiles and Tears," delighted the crowd.

Glouce Bay

The District Headquarters, is still on the rise, and God is working in a mighty way. Souls are getting saved nearly every week. Staff-Capt. Manton has just put in a week-end with us, and we had a delightful time. As Glouce Bay people were more than delighted with the Staff-Captain. His addresses were very interesting. Two came out for salvation, and the income for that week-end was \$85. Ensign Lamont has the work at heart, and is doing well. Our crowds are delightful. The place is always packed on Sundays and many have to be turned away. Glouce Bay No. II, will be opened in a few weeks' time. We have about forty good soldiers in that district, and I am glad to say we have secured the land, and will be building in a few days.

We are opening Broad Cove, C.B., in a very short time, as soon as the Lieut.-Colonel can let us have the officers. There are other places on the board as well.

There is a grand future for this District. I might say that I am delighted with the work here, and feel right at home with the miners. They know just how to treat a fellow well. I am real well in body and soul.—J. S. McLean, C.B.

Staff-Captain Manton at Halifax.

Both soldiers and officers were looking forward with pleasant anticipation to the visit of Staff-Capt. Manton to Halifax, II, and on Friday evening he gave his lecture, "Sixty Years Through Smiles and Tears," which was full of interest from start to finish. The Staff-Captain gave a guarantee to Adlt. Jennings that no one would go out before the first meeting was over, when the latter was requesting the audience to stay till the finish, and sure enough not one left his seat, which assured us that the people were interested in the Staff-Captain's talk.

He was announced to speak the following night on "What I Saw and Heard after Forty Years' Absence from the Old Land," which brought together a full house. This lecture was full of good, sound information, and pleasing in the extreme. All north-end comrades say, "God bless the Staff-Captain," and the writer can easily vouch for a hearty welcome back again, if God is willing.

Halifax I was the rendezvous for Sunday. The Staff-Captain took for his subject in the morning, "Golden Bells and Pomegranates," which he brushed out with great credit. The old-time fire still burns in the veteran Staff-Captain's soul.

In the afternoon his subject was, "The Beggar Transformed." It was really interesting to follow the speaker in his discourse around the world and back in five minutes, and to hear the many humorous anecdotes, full of truth and very impressive. At the close, two young men volunteered to the crowd and professed salvation, and turned up at night and gave his testimony.

The night's meeting was looked forward to with great pleasure.

The subject was "Rest," and the Staff-Captain, in his original way, wonderfully pictured the goodness of God, and how our souls are saved. He was full of life and joy, and his words were some hard-hits to the half-hearted and hypocrites. His soul was in the delivery, and his words were full of power. At the close of this meeting another soul came forward and sought salvation, and a very profitable day was brought to a close.—Burning Bush, City Cor.

Eastern Soul-Saving Troupe.

This is my first time, Mister Idiot, since the last war, that I am requested to deliver a lecture or two in connection with the Troupe, and would you think it? 'tis me very alive fast to be feeling the responsibility on this occasion. I dunno, as this is my first time to write to you about the Troupe, it's the first time I've ever written to you, but they say you were good friends to another man, and I'm often thinkin' so myself, so it's the Miles McElheney that's written to you this time, and not me, do ye mind now. Would ye mind me sayin' that the members of the troupe are all as well as ye would wish to look at with the exception of wan of us, and that's the wan they call the Cadit. He do havin' a cold toime of it, but thanks be to goodness, he's fakin' foin now. O gues this will do for the phillanthropists for want. Now for the business part of the letter.

Kintville is the place of want to call for attention to. 'Tis a foin place of dunno. Would ye believe me? we're after havin' wan of the list tomes we ever had. It twod done yer good to be wan of us. Want while of wan of us, as the givin' me testimony of list minished somethin' about Kintville, bein' called the devil's half-acre, and would ye believe me? I'm in the middle of a dinner and I'm not able to me more. I'm a surprise. Wan of me reasons, Mister Idiot, for speakin' me moid so frailly is because of was born into the blessed Kingdom of God here while I'm in this world, 'round tryin' to win the Self-Denial target, and to be shure 'tis himself that can make a foin show.

O! must not forget to tell ye all about the blawin' spell we had. O! name the band boys. There was a lot of us together, and of dunno but ye wud be after thinkin' some of the brass wud be blown out straight altogether. O! thought for the life of me that all the decent people of the place wud go crazy, the way they did run to see what all the great noise was. I've wan was delighted altogether as well as myself. The next thing that all the neighbors of the place wud do was to come to the Opera House. 'Tis a foin place, and holds a great many of the inhabitants of the place. O! never saw such a stir in all me life in this place. They appreciated the music and the preachin' by the foin and it's himself that can preach to a crowd of people.

O! want to tell ye that rolley me brother is a wonderful man with the mandolin. It makes me shift me fat on it while he plays to the people, and o'm not the only wan, do ye mind. O! never say the lolla clasp of want to the show, do ye wan the folks clapped again and again. O! we had to play to them the second toime wudn't er er.

All through the matter's there was a great power at work, and the people of sin and wrong, and right after night we did fought it out, and the devil was beaten again and again, and was after another they came out! twenty-seven souls wint down to the glory of God. O! tell ye, it was foin altogether.

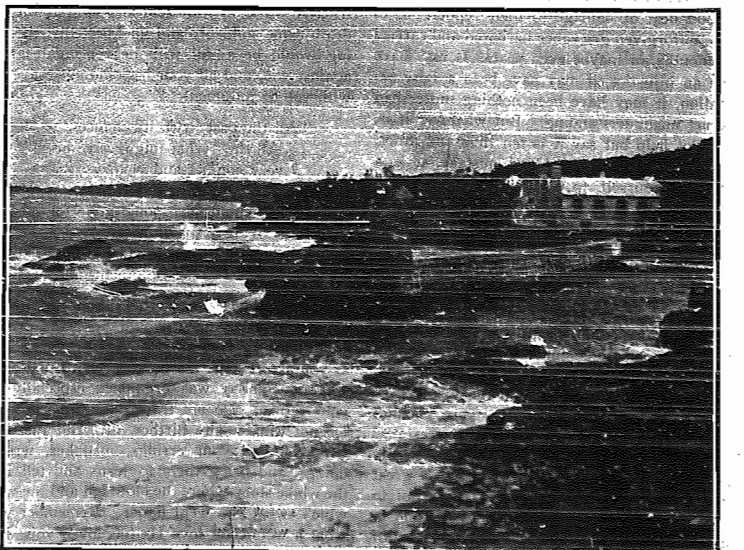
We had a great surprise while the news came that me brother, McWilliams, received his orders to leave the place and go to Bermuda. O! think that's the place where the winter is in the winter toime. May the Lord go with him. I've wan looks the Captain here, all but the direct, and you could not blame him. He made a foin speech at his farwell. He told the people he could not come down to shake hands with them all, so he says, "O'll shake hands with meelf, and say, 'Good-bye, Capt. O! ye ye good now."

The friends of Kintville treated us foin altogether. They sine us parades and meat pots, and cake, and a great many other things. I'll never forget the goodness of all the folks here. May the Lord bless them all their days.

Now, of list want to give ye a bit of information as to what the Lord did in Kintville for us. We held 14 open-air, with a total attendance of 210; 21 indoor meetings, total attendance 2,214; and a total income of \$24.68. To God be all the glory. O! come to the end of me letter now, and ye can look for another wan of me letters in the near future. I must becom has been called home suddenly on account of sickness at home. Please pray for him.—"Vo."

LOSS OF SMILES.

Sydney.—The past week has been one of special interest at the new Citadel. We were delighted to have with us Staff-Captain Manton, who kept things lively about here for a day or two. Some of the young folks will have to get a move on to keep up with him. His famous lecture was very interesting—there were lots of smiles. The D. O. was in the chair. We rejoiced to see three souls at the mercy seat on Friday night, and they all returned to give God glory. We had a good day on Sunday, with Capt. Melvor and Bell and Lieut. Melkie to the front.—F. Knight, Sec.



ON THE NORTH SHORE OF BERWICK.

Brantford Special Meetings.

Our week-end meetings here, in spite of the deep snow and stormy weather (Sunday) have been a great success. Four came the Saviour on Saturday night; one at knee-drill, and eight Sunday night, making twenty-four altogether since coming here. The people of Brantford are very liberal in giving to the collection. Soldiers are getting fired up, and sickening to the sight bravely. Greater things are expected.—Eugene Colin Campbell.

Our Army Empire.

Great Britain.

The British Cry this week makes its bow with an artistically-colored frontispiece, which will, without doubt, make our parent Cry even more appreciated than it has been by its world-wide readers, if that could be possible.

In consideration of this advance in decorative art, the Cry is published with twelve pages, instead of the customary sixteen.

In view of the fact that the British Cry sells for a penny, the accomplishment of a colored frontispiece is all the more praiseworthy. We offer our congratulations to our comrades in the Old Land.

Already great preparations are being made to give the General a loving and most enthusiastic welcome on his return to England from America.

So that none of her lodgers may go to bed hungry, Adj. Clark, of the Women's Shelter, in London, provides a meal of soup and bread for a farthing (much below cost) every night at six o'clock. Seventy-eight gallons of hot, nourishing soup were consumed during the past seven days.

A Scotsman, recently converted at Blackfriars Shelter, was, in 1895-97, cook on board the "Windward" in the Harnsworth-Jackson expedition to the North Pole under Lieutenant Peary.

Australasia.

Brigadier Graham, of Australasia states there are five hundred sly grog-shops, in addition to numerous hotels, in Boulder and Kalgoorlie, two mining camps in western Australia. Well may the Brigadier remark: "Oh, think of the hellish outcome of all this drinking of intoxicants, before which purity, chastity, honesty, respectability in this life, and the hope of heaven for the next have to fly. May we Salvationists be true to our Christ and His cause!

"And then, hand in hand with the drink, there is the brotheldom of the places, the very fact of which ought to set in motion every energy possessed by every man who has a wife, or daughter, or sister. Instead of that, there are those in positions of trust and responsibility who make it difficult to strike a blow at this scourge, and who, in effect, permit this plague to slay many of the youth of the place. Surely the Just and Holy One will mark these iniquities with justice."

Brigadier Kyle (Editor-in-Chief of the War Cry) and Brigadier Hoskin (Training Home Principal) have both been promoted to the rank of Lieut.-Colonel. A good many minor promotions have taken place in addition to these.

A particularly interesting bit of information to Canada is that Staff-Capt. Johnny McMillan has donned the crest, thus becoming a Major, and has been appointed as the Assistant Field Secretary, at the Headquarters, Melbourne.

Some 500 Field Officers and eighty Staff, in Australasia, exchanged their commands in six weeks.

Adj. Annie Cowden, an old Canadian officer, is included in the recent promotions, and is now gazetted as a Staff-Captain.

Respecting the appointment of Lieut.-Colonel Hoskin as Field Secretary, Commissioner McKie has the following to say:

"Lieut.-Colonel Hoskin, who has been appointed by the General as Field Secretary of the Salvation Army in Australia and New Zealand, is well-known to officers, soldiers, and friends throughout the whole Territory. He is one of the oldest officers in our ranks; was converted at an Army penitent form, became an officer, was commissioned nineteen years ago, and has filled successfully every command he has ever had given to him, until now he comes to fill one of the most responsible positions that the Army has to offer any person in Australasia."

In connection with the great change in Australasia, six Majors and seven Staff-Captains take corps appointments. Respecting this new departure, Commissioner McKie writes:

"Instead of being thought a reduction (referring to the change), I am sure all will think—as I think myself—that it is an honor and a promotion: to be chosen to fill the post, and do the work which the General thinks for the moment the most important work in the Army, to help to bring about what our hearts desire—a universal outpouring of the Spirit of God. I personally feel it an honor to be associated with such characters, who have so gladly given themselves up to the work and their leaders as to be ready to do or be anything to serve the interests of the Kingdom of God in the Army."

"In these appointments let all officers see the importance that is stamped upon corps work. Let them also see the door opening to one of the greatest spheres of usefulness the Army can present to those who will fit themselves for these positions, and see the possibility of rising to almost any rank, even while remaining at corps work."

The men in charge of these centres will be directly responsible to the State Commander, and will have two men as helpers. As soon as we can develop our plans and finance the scheme, there will also be one or two women officers attached to them as visitors and nurses for the particular neighborhood in which they are laboring; in fact, there is no end to the development of such a command."

United States.

The after-results of the General's campaign in the U.S.A. in many places have been most encouraging. At Cleveland I., for example, over fifty souls have been saved since the General's meetings. Adj. Heift (late of Canada) enrolled ten new soldiers last Sunday, and twelve additional recruits will soon be ready for enrolment.

A special farewell number of the New York War Cry will be issued in connection with the General's farewell from the United States. It is stated that this Cry will be one of the finest that has ever been issued by our cousins.

Adj. and Mrs. Miller, well-known in Canada, after a faithful fight at Hartford, Conn., have moved to Springfield.

A new building at Titusville was opened on Dec. 27th. Brigadier Addie, Major Parker, and Staff-Capt. Wiseman conducted the opening meeting. Fifty souls knelt at the altar for salvation and consecration at the opening. The trio mentioned state that they have not seen anything prettier in the way of a building in America. The floors are hardwood, oak panel, five feet high, wainscoting all around, metallic ceiling, walls plastered with pulp and papered with heavy hall paper. The location is being much

improved by the largest grocery store in the town located just across the street, and the street being paved in the spring, which will enhance the value of the property. We congratulate Brigadier Addie on such an achievement.

A fine Citadel building was opened for the service of God and the Army on Feb. 5th, in Brooklyn, N.Y., to be used by the Swedish comrades of No. III. corps. The opening services were conducted by Lieut.-Colonel Miles. The hall was packed with soldiers and friends. The collections towered up in the hundreds. The future of this corps is being looked upon as very bright.

South Africa.

Capt. Willense, of Worcester (South Africa), has, during his visit to the local jail, pointed two prisoners, one white and one colored, who are under sentence of death, to the Saviour. One of them was very hardened and refused to see any clergymen, but he eventually gave way to the earnest solicitations of the Captain, repented of his sin, and asked God's pardon.

Red-Hot Revivalist at Lippincott.

Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire has just concluded his first week-end at Lippincott, where he is conducting three weeks' special revival campaign. The results, up to the present, are most encouraging. The crowds have been doubled, finances much exceed the average, and sixteen seekers have been at the mercy seat. Our hopes run high for the balance of the campaign.—Treasurer.

Riverside Doings.

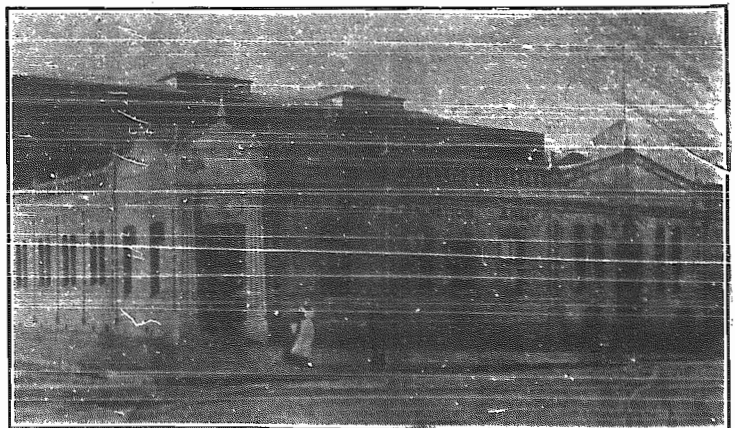
Adj. and Mrs. Sims have just paid a visit to this corps for a week-end. On Saturday the Adjutant gave his well-known lecture on "Through haunts and jungles of Darkest London. For two hours the audience listened with rapt attention to the tramp give the story of life in Whitechapel, Spitalfields, Piccadilly, Petticoat Lane, etc. It is a good lecture and takes well.

Good meetings were enjoyed all day Sunday. Adj. Hyde took a prominent part in all the meetings, and helped to bring blessing and cheer to many souls.

The Riverside soldiers are of the right sort, they know how to pray and how to give. God bless them.

During the day the Adjutant conducted three Junior meetings, and the total J. S. attendance reached 145. Riverside is marching on to victory. Bro. Moffit farewelled for the Rocky Mountains.—Winnie.

Over twenty-five Field Officers have changed appointments recently in the West Ontario Province.



Citadel and Shelter, East London, South Africa



Canadian Cuttings.

Representatives of the Farmers' Association of Canada interviewed Sir William Mulock at Ottawa, and asked him to introduce the system of rural mail delivery.

Manufacturers and merchants, farmers and fruit-growers, composed a deputation which waited upon the Government and urged the appointment of a railway commission to control and regulate freight and express.

It is reported at Ottawa that a bill for increasing the pay of soldiers in the permanent force, as well as military men when they turn out at camps for instruction, is likely to be introduced at the coming session of Parliament.

Canada's revenue for the seven months ending Jan. 31st, reached the total of \$36,447,132, being \$9,762,726 in excess of the ordinary expenditure, and \$4,515,973 more than ordinary and capital expenditure combined. Our financial position is better by nearly six millions than it was at the end of January, 1902, there having been an increase of \$3,901,646 in the receipts for the past seven months, and a reduction in the capital expenditure of \$2,268,598.

The town of Fort William served an injunction on the Bell Telephone Company, and all work on construction has ceased. Members of the railway orders held a meeting and decided to use none but municipal 'phones in their homes.

The Minister of Education will ask the Legislature for \$20,000 for technical education and an increased grant for high school cadet corps.

Mr. Justice Davidson, of Montreal, has given judgment that children of Jewish parents are not entitled to the right of admission to the Protestant schools of Quebec.

A jail prisoner at Bathurst, N.B., cut a hole in his cell, through which he went in and out at pleasure, robbed a number of stores and stored the booty in his cell.

Electric power from Shawinigan Falls was turned on in Montreal.

The Kingston Locomotive Works will import seventy-five more machinists from Germany.

Coal miners in Fernie are out on strike.

U. S. Siftings.

Edward and Mary Jones, brother and sister, were found in a room at Gates Avenue, Brooklyn, with their throats cut. Both were alive, but the man died in the ambulance on the way to the hospital, and the woman is in a dying condition. Edward Jones was 68 years old and his sister ten years younger. On the way to the hospital the sister said that she and her brother, because of their poverty, had cut each other's throats.

As the steamship Graf Waldersee neared the dock at Hoboken, a twelve-year-old Russian boy, named Ulrich, became greatly excited at the prospect of seeing his parents, who came to this country several years ago. He saw his father and mother waiting to greet him, waved a signal to them and fell head on the deck.

The growing numbers of the Filipino insurgents in the Island of Luzon is causing anxiety among the United States officials.

Secretary of War Root and Senators Henry Cabot Lodge and Turner have been selected as United States representatives on the Alaska boundary commission.

Brisk skirmishing continues in the Island of Luzon between Filipinos and the constabulary. The United States Senate ratified the Alaskan treaty.

British Briefs.

The Government offered seats in the Executive Council to Generals Botha, Delarey, and Smuts. The Boer Generals unanimously refused to accept, giving as their reason the manner in which the council was formed, which,

in their opinion was not in the best interests of the country.

Mr. John Redmond was re-elected leader of the Irish Parliamentary party.

The King opened Parliament Tuesday, Feb. 17th.

Several persons perished in a blizzard in Newfoundland.

The King received Signor Marconi at Buckingham Palace.

International Items.

Emperor William spent part of a morning watching the Pollak-Virag quick telegraphy system working in the Technical University. The apparatus averaged 50,000 words an hour over a 300-mile circuit.

Eighteen stowaways on an Austrian ship were driven, by thrust, to appear on deck. They attacked the crew with knives and were only overawed when threatened with shooting.

Honduras and other republics are involved in disputes which may lead to a general war in Central America.

A rebellion in the southern part of Madagascar was suppressed by the French troops after hard fighting.

Opposition by the Finlanders to the new military service law does not abate. Meetings are frequently held in towns and villages, at which the young men pledge themselves to ignore the Russian conscript law, in spite of the punishment meted out to delinquents by the Czar's decree.

In Germany, out of every 1,000 deaths of persons between the ages of 15 and 60 years, 316 are due to tuberculosis.

At Constantinople two of the assassins of the Armenian Patriarch Ormanian were sentenced to death, and two others to life imprisonment.

The Crown Prince of Saxony was granted a divorce against the Crown Princess.

An attempt is being made by anarchists to bring about a general strike in Spain.

Letters from missionaries in China express grave fears of another anti-foreign outbreak.

The Moroccan Pretender has issued a vivid appeal to the Rifian tribesmen to rise and drive all the Christians into the sea.

The Venezuelan Muddle.

The blockade of the Venezuelan coast by the fleets of Great Britain and Germany has at last been raised, and an agreement signed by the powers concerned to submit the details of the payments claimed to The Hague International Arbitration Board. It has been agreed that Venezuela pays at once to Germany the sum of \$340,000, and to Great Britain and Italy the sum of £5,500 each, after which 30 per cent. of the customs revenue of the two largest ports of Venezuela will be set aside for the payment of the claims of all foreign powers, on a schedule to be determined by The Hague Tribunal. Thus ends an affair which, small in itself, engendered a tempest of bad feeling in at least three great countries.

The Macedonian War Cloud.

Once more we are confronted with the periodical war scare about Russia v. Turkey. It must be admitted, however, that grave complications exist at this date. The population of Macedonia, a Turkish Province, is largely Christian, and has to suffer greatly from misgovernment, which causes unrest and threatened insurrection in the approaching spring. Bulgaria and Serbia, the adjoining States, are largely in sympathy with Macedonia, and in case of a rebellion would probably join hands with the rebels, which again, it is feared, would cause the armed intervention of Russia. Turkey is mobilizing, it is said, 240,000 troops. In the meantime Russia and Austria are preparing a joint plan of reform for Macedonia, to be submitted to the Sultan, and if accepted is expected will avoid war. In the meantime both countries are preparing for action, if necessary, and it is difficult to predict the course of events in the Balkan Peninsula during the next month or two.

A Visit to Kingston.

By the General Secretary.

A week-end visit to the Kingston corps is a positive pleasure under any circumstances, and so we considered it a privilege to spend Saturday, Sunday, and Monday with the comrades of this corps. After six hours' journey in the train, we were glad to see the smiling face of Brigadier Turner, who welcomed us with a vigorous handshake, which made every joint in our fingers tingle.

SATURDAY NIGHT'S WELCOME MEETING.

A nice crowd of soldiers turned out for the open-air, and, headed by the band, made the streets ring with salvation song and music. The lower hall was well filled, and a splendid meeting resulted.

Our expectations were very high for Sunday's gatherings. But, alas for human shortsightedness! Saturday night the moon shone in silvery splendor—Sunday morning snow came down thick and fast, while a strong wind was blowing. Nevertheless twelve comrades braved the elements to knee-drill, which was a soul-refreshing time.

SUNDAY'S BATTLES.

A splendid crowd gathered at 11 a.m. A real "old-time power" holiness meeting was held, at the conclusion of which five seekers claimed the blessing and testified to having received it.

The meetings throughout the day were full of life and power, and considering that the snow-storm raged furiously all the day, and the streets were well-nigh impassable, the crowds were very good. The finances pointed to a splendid spirit of generosity on the part of the people. We wound up the day with two souls seeking mercy at the evening meeting.

I must not forget to mention that the J. S. work in Kingston is going along splendidly under the leadership of Sergt.-Major Mrs. Campbell. I had the pleasure of talking with the children for a few moments on Sunday afternoon, and they gave most excellent attention, and quite a number raised their hands testifying that they were saved. The Junior corps has a well-equipped library of good books, and everything points to a prosperous future.

MONDAY'S RECORD.

On Monday morning Brigadier Turner and myself called upon dear Mrs. Granger, who is confined to her room. She has a beautiful spirit, and although at times her sufferings are terrible, sweet peace and joy fill her heart. Her son, Lieut. Granger, has been called home for a short period, during his mother's illness. We also saw Bro. Downey, who had met with an accident and could not get to the meetings, and paid a visit to Treasurer Wheelock and his happy family.

We had a holiness meeting on Monday afternoon, at which a good crowd gathered. God came down and richly blessed us, and at the close we were rejoiced at seeing two souls step into the liberty of full salvation.

The address, "Queer Fish and How they are Caught," was listened to with rapt attention on Monday night, and resulted in some inspiration and blessing to the people present.

NOTES.

We were glad to be able to meet and talk with Pro.-Lieuts. Thornton, Duncan, and Carpenter, and Capt. I. Gates, also Ensign and Mrs. Thompson, on their way to the East Ontario Province, landing at the Kingston officers' quarters in the middle of Monday night. We were delighted to see them in such splendid, hopeful spirits.

Adj. and Mrs. Bloss, who entertained us kindly, are the much-beloved officers in command, assisted by Capt. Thornton, who had her welcome on Sunday. The outlook for the corps is very good; the band is in nice condition and is a great help. Brigadier Turner, the alert, energetic, and enterprising Provincial Officer, assisted in all the meetings, and did herculean service. His solo singing, accompanied by the concertina, was enjoyed, while his trenchant addresses were a distinct feature of the meetings.

Which made the bride and bridegroom one ;
And Charlotte alone with them.



Songs for the Siege



Coming to Thee.

Tune.—*I need Thee* (B.J. 123).

I bring my sins to Thee,
The sins I cannot count;
That all may be cleansed be
In that once-opened fount.

Chorus.

I need Thee, oh, I need Thee,
Every hour I need Thee!
Oh, bless me now, my Saviour,
I come to Thee.

My heart to Thee I bring—
The heart I cannot read.
A faithless, wandering thing,
An evil heart indeed.

I bring my grief to Thee,
The grief I cannot tell;
No words shall needed be,
Thou knowest all so well.

My life I bring to Thee,
I would not be my own;
O Saviour, let me be
Thine, ever Thine alone!

Pour Thy Spirit.

Tune.—*Silver threads* (B.J. 131).

Precious Saviour, we are coming,
At Thy feet just now we fall;
Waiting to receive Thy blessing,
Come, and now baptise us all.

Chorus.

Pour Thy Spirit, pour Thy Spirit,
Into this my longing breast,
And go on from this good hour
To revive Thy work afresh.

Mighty Lord, our hearts are open
To Thy penetrating gaze;
Now, oh, let the fire descending,
Fill our hearts with power and praise!

Time and talents I surrender,
Freely all I give to Thee;
Faith lays hold of Thy great promise,
Brings the fire just now to me.

Hallelujah! It is falling,
Burning all my dross and sin;
Purifying all my nature,
Now I know I'm clean within.

My Telegram's Gone.

(By request.)

Tune.—*My beautiful home*.

What wondrous methods God has given,
Salvation wires from earth to heaven;
The Spirit's currents run up there,
I'll send a telegram of prayer.

Chorus.

My telegram's gone, my telegram's gone,
To the Palace of Glory my telegram's gone;
My Father's there, He'll answer prayer,
My telegram's gone, my telegram's gone.

God's telegraph is strong and free,
My message goes without a fee;
God's image is the stamp I choose,
God's promise is the form I use.

Faith works the wires by night and day,
Faith takes the message when I pray,
Faith doth the God of Heaven please—
I wire the best when on my knees.

I wire for God my soul to fill,
I wire for power to do His will,
I wire before the throne of grace,
I wire to reach the Holy place.

Come

BY C. L., LINDSAY, ONT.

Tune.—*Good-bye Dolly Grey*.

On the cross of Calvary
Jesus died!
That the sinner might go free,
Jesus died!
Though away from God and home,
In sin's paths you've loved to roam,
There awaits a welcome home.
Jesus died!

Chorus.

Come, poor sinner, come to Jesus,
Hear Him calling now to thee,
Don't reject His offered mercy,
Outstretched arms await for thee.
Though your sins be red as crimson,
They may be as white as snow.
Hark! Your Saviour still is calling:
"Come, oh, come to Me."

Hark! He's calling now to thee:
"Come away!"
He thy load of sin will ash
All away.

How can you that love refuse?
And your Saviour, kind, abuse?
Will you not salvation choose?
Come to-day.

When the Saviour's pardoning love
Thou dost know,
Then to other souls in sin
Thou canst go.
Tell them there is life for all,
If they'll hearken to the call,
And at Jesus' footstool fall—
Come to-day!

Come and kneel down at His cross,
Come to-day!
And for Him count self as dross,
Come to-day!
To the cross bring Him your all,
And for His salvation call,
There is mercy still for all,
Come to-day!

Hallelujah to the Lamb!

BY "NED," BEAR RIVER.

Tune.—*We'll shout aloud salvation* (B.J. 2).

Hallelujah to the Lamb!
He sets the sinner free;
Glory, glory to His name!
His wondrous love we see.
We praise Him that to earth He came,
Our Lord and King to be,
And take us to reign with Him in Glory.

Chorus.

Hurrah! Hurrah!
We'll praise His name and sing,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
He did salvation bring.
He is our true and only King.
We'll make old earth to ring.
As we go marching to Glory.

Salvation to the world proclaim,
Redemption through the blood;
With earnest, true, and glad acclaim,
Extol our Sovereign Lord;
Make it my joy and only aim,
To honor Jesus' name,
As we go marching to Glory.

Oh, shout we must for very joy,
Since we have been forgiven;
And all our time and strength employ,
To bring lost souls to heaven.
We will not falter by the way,
But fight for God alway,
As we go marching to Glory.

An Army Meeting.

BY A. E. B. NEEPAWA, MAN.

Tune.—*The widow's plea*.

'Twas in an Army meeting, in a brightly-lighted hall,
The soldiers they are praying for the Holy Ghost to fall;
It rested on a sinner, convicted him of sin,
And while the Spirit pleaded the soldiers they did sing:

Chorus.

Remember you're a sinner, but Jesus died for all,
And you may have salvation, if on Him you will call;
Oh, haste, your time is passing, you'll soon to judgment go!
Oh, come now to the Saviour, which the cleansing blood doth flow.

He sat there much convicted, his eyes were bathed in tears,
He thought how far he wandered from God these last few years.
Said he, "I ought to serve Him, I know it is all right,
But now I don't feel like it; I'll start some other night."

Soon sickness overtook him, he knew his time had come,
When he'd have to give account of deeds down here he'd done.
He cried, "My fate is sealed, and hell will be my doom,
For I rejected mercy—that little Army room."
Friend, have you been forgiven? Is your heart as white as snow?
Are you sure you'll go to heaven when you leave this world below?
If not, the Saviour's waiting, He longs to set you free,
He purchased your salvation on Calvary's rugged tree.

Salvation

Tunes.—*Belmont; Evan*.

Come, sinners, to the Gospel feast,
Oh, come without delay,
For there is room on Jesus' breast
For all who will obey.

Chorus.

Oh, Jesus, my Saviour,
Will welcome sinners home, etc.

There's room in God's eternal love
To save thy precious soul;
Room in the Spirit's grace above
To heal and make thee whole.

There's room in heaven among the band,
And harps and crowns of gold;
And glorious palms of victory there,
And joys that ne'er were told.

There's room around the Father's board
For thee, and thousands more;
Oh, come, and welcome, to the Lord—
Yea, come this very hour!

Rock of Ages.

Tunes.—*Wells; Spanish Chant*.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee,
Let the water and the blood
From Thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath, and make me pure.

Could my tears for ever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone.
In my hands no price I bring,
Simply to the cross I cling.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy Judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
I will hide myself in Thee.